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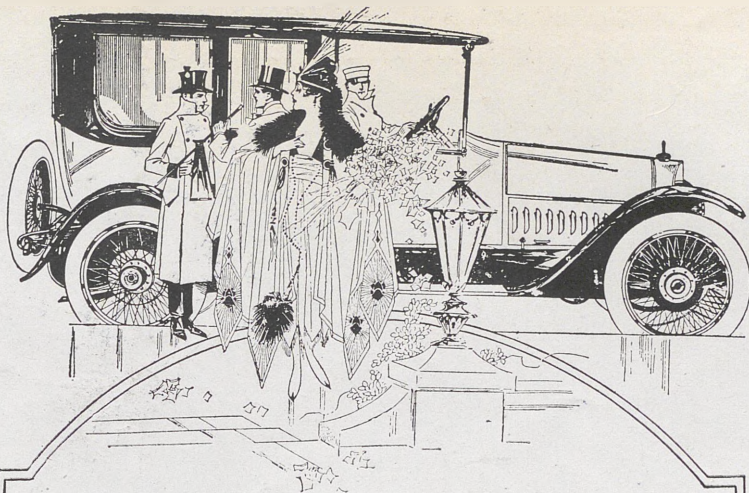


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# The Graphic

TWENTY-SIXTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

CHARLES LAPWORTH, - - - - - Managing Editor

Vol. 51 SEPTEMBER 10, 1917 No. 9

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### Publishers' Announcement

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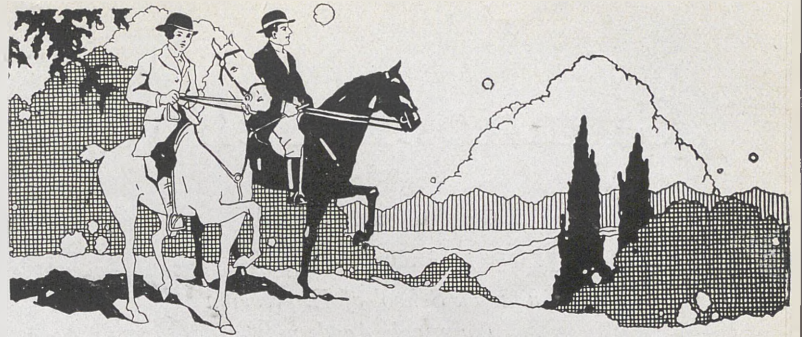
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District No. 2—Counties of Lake, Napa, and portions of Mendocino, Sonoma, Marin, Solano, Yolo, Glenn, Colusa.

District No. 3—Portions of counties of Contra Costa, Alameda, San Francisco, San Mateo, Santa Clara, Santa Cruz, Monterey, San Luis Obispo, Kern, Fresno, Merced, Stanislaus, San Joaquin, San Benito, Ventura, Santa Barbara.

District No. 4—Portions of counties of San Bernardino, Imperial, San Diego, Riverside, Orange, Los Angeles, Mono, Inyo.

Districts No. 5 to 22 inclusive are fishing districts.

Districts 1a, 1b, 1c, 1d, 1e, 1f, 1g, 1h, 1i, 1j, 1k, 1l, 2a, 3a, 3b, 3c, 3d, 4a, 4b, 4c, 4d, 4e, 4f, are game refuges. Hunting forbidden. Fishing in accordance with law relating to main district in which refuge is located.

White Squares Indicate Open Season

Numbers in Squares are Open Dates

	DISTRICTS	JAN.	FEB.	MAR.	APRIL	MAY	JUNE	JULY	AUG.	SEPT.	OCT.	NOV.	DEC.
DEER	1-23-24 25-26 2-3 4								15	14			
RABBITS Cottontail and Brush	ALL											15	
TREE SQUIRRELS	ALL												
ELK, ANTELOPE MOUNTAIN SHEEP	ALL												
SEA OTTER BEAVER	ALL												
BEAR Black and Brown	ALL			1									
FUR BEARING MAMMALS	ALL			1									
DUCKS, GEESE JACK SNipe MUD HENS	ALL										16		
Shore Birds (Except Jack Snipe) Rail, Wood Duck Wild Pigeon	ALL												
QUAIL Valley and Desert	ALL											15	
MOUNTAIN QUAIL	1-23-24 25-26 2-3-4											15	
SAGE HEN	ALL Except 4 4								15				
DOVE	ALL Except 1 1												
GROUSE	ALL									15	14		



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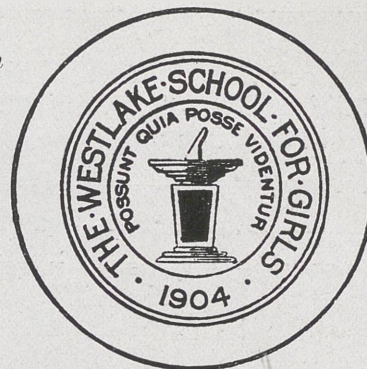
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# The Graphic

SETTING FORTH THE TOWN AND COUNTRY LIFE OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

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MRS. VAN R. KELSEY

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## NOTES OF THE WEEK

SIGNS ARE MULTIPLYING THAT the Prussian government is about to vouchsafe a reply to the peace proposals from the Vatican. In his own comprehensive acknowledgment of the Pope's message, President Wilson put the issue squarely—if there is to be any discussion of peace terms, then it must be with a government representative of the common German people rather than the present military autocracy. It is well not to be over-sanguine as to the burden of the Prussian reply to the Pope, because there has been, so far, no indication that Wilhelmstrasse will propose anything other than they proposed before—the *status quo ante*. We have been wont to sneer at German diplomacy, but it is a fact that on nearly every occasion that they have spoken, they have waited until they have brought off some great military coup. This time it is a deadly blow at Russia and, with the Kaiser entering Riga in pomp and state, we should be surprised if, for the moment, there is much prospect in the Fatherland of what a good many publicists in this country are fond of prophesying—a revolution to over-throw the Hohenzollerns. Generally it is in time of defeat, and not of victory, that a people is inclined to revolt. Apparently victoriously strong in their position athwart the continent, the German government are not likely yet to state their minimum terms of peace. Indeed, it would not surprise us if, at this moment, when they are driving against Petrograd, with the Russian people fugitives in their own country, if a bombastic note of defiance is not sounded when Michaelis does condescend to reply to his Holiness. With Germany in control of Central Europe, with its grain fields and its minerals, and its population, it is not to be wondered at if some of the German leaders declare that, "Gott mit uns," they can carry on the war as a normal state of affairs. When the Prussians have once more demanded the status quo, it is likely that again the word will be passed to President Wilson. As we have remarked before, the conditions are such that it is more difficult to make peace than to make war, and if the Allies place upon Mr. Wilson the onus of stating what are the minimum terms for which we are fighting, he will have to face a portentous decision from which he might well shrink. He would have to say that the laying down of our arms at this moment, without any guarantees of permanent peace, would be an acknowledgment that the whole civilized world is powerless to bring to book a government that has run amuck with its

mediaeval militarism, which because of its ethic that might is right, will have been justified, at least in the minds of its own people, by its apparent ability to escape punishment.

THE PRINCIPAL POINT about Billy Sunday just now is that he is here. We all agree on that point, but many of us disagree when it comes to judging him. Some of us see him as a great, good man, others refer to him pleasantly as a "drooling idiot." Some of us tolerate him, some of us smile at him amusedly, some of us scorn him, some of us think of him as a vaudevillian, others refer to him as "a sinister influence." You may take your choice. One benevolent gentleman of cloth, rushing to Billy's defence, says that he is coarse but that "that is the bait that gets the fish." Other clergymen are not so ingenuous, but they are just as vigorous in his defence. A great point is made of his sincerity. If he is sincere nothing else matters. And Mr. Chaplin tells us that we ought to take him seriously because he takes himself seriously. All of which is food for the deepest kind of thought. Miss Mary Pickford approves of him, as does Mr. Vance Thompson. Mr. Wallace Reid and Miss Louise Lovely have yet to be heard from. For ourselves we think Mr. Sunday has one very certain value—and perhaps a great many more. We have come to think of Hell and the Devil as remote, negligible, almost non-existent. That isn't to be wondered at in people who live in a charming place like Southern California. But Billy has made us see Hell most vividly, he has pictured the Devil most convincingly. So it occurs to us that here is a chance for Los Angeles mothers to utilize these pictures in the control of their offspring. This scarcely fits in with theories of advanced education, but it would certainly result in control. Consider the Los Angeles child brought up to believe in beautiful things rather than bugbears. He hears Billy Sunday and at once his vision is enlarged. After that any parental mention of the Devil would at once bring screams and instant obedience. The advantages of the system should be apparent to anyone.

ARE WE REALLY SO hard up for inspiration in the war that we must needs invent victories to encourage ourselves? With the announcement that the United States navy has sunk a whole flotilla of U-boats, Mr. Secretary Daniels will undoubtedly be able to confound the critics of his capabilities as a Lord High Admiral. But, alas, for the second time, his victory proves a pipe dream, and on this occasion he is unable to shift the blame for the story on to the shoulders of Mr. Creel. Today everybody is laughing at the navy department. And yet it is no laughing matter. Are we children that our supposedly responsible heads of departments think we can only take medicine that is sugar-coated? All the old distrust of the censorship which had apparently been placated, is likely to be revived if the United States cannot have assurance that they will not be made the laughing stock of the world by claiming great naval or military victories which exist only in the perfervid brain of an erratic minister. If we cannot have all the news, at least let us have reliable intelligence of what our sons are doing. It is no excuse to say that a mistake was made. Such mistakes ought not to happen. At any rate, it is possible that this second mistake of the same kind may lead to an investigation as to whether all is well in the navy department. A good many people are uncomfortable about it, only they hesitate to express their anxiety lest they might be considered obstructionists.



# BY THE WAY

**J** S. CONWELL, president of the city council, will again be the presiding genius of the forthcoming automobile show, which is going to stagger the city with its vastness, its interest, its splendor, its wealth, and its art; and which is to succeed the thrills of Billy Sunday on the big Grand Avenue site. Sunday will vacate the premises on Nov. 1st; and in the succeeding four days a miracle will be performed, a glittering transformation take place.

Mr. Conwell has been responsible for five big automobile shows in Los Angeles, each one superseding the last in magnitude and brilliance. This time we shall surely reach the limit of sumptuousness, for the show will occupy 120,000 feet, as against 55,000 last year, and in addition to a transformed tabernacle, several large marquees are to be erected. Everything appertaining to gasoline will be on exhibit, and one tent will offer the piece de resistance of a British war-tank in action.

But that is not all. When Conwell plans, the acme of magnificence must be attained; the tabernacle and the tents will all be floored, for one thing, out of tender consideration for the ladies' pretty shoes—for the goodwill of the ladies plays a large part in automobile shows. The whole scheme of decoration is to be carried out in giant palms; and so clever is the lighting, that it will give an impression of floods of moonlight. Palms, moonlight and music—dear Heaven, what shall we not purchase for our charmers under such demoralizing influence! A vast army of workmen will be engaged on performing that miraculous transformation between Nov. 1st and 5th; and J. S. Conwell is the guiding spirit of the committee that will be responsible.

Mr. Conwell is probably one of the busiest men in town. For he presides over council and committee meetings nearly every day, he has a business of his own of considerable dimensions, and now he has been elected to the next Liberty Loan committee which has been given the choice little duty of raising a few more billions for the war. And yet he manages to preserve an air of patience, and leisure, and comfortable amiability.

## THE BRITISH RECRUITING C. O.

**C**APTAIN Walter Shaw, officer in command of British Recruiting in Southern California, has been left behind by General Sir William White with no mean task on his hands. He and his staff of a dozen men will scour this part of the country for British subjects of military age, and endeavor to persuade them that the time to enlist is now. If the Canadian conscription law is extended to this country by agreement between the British and United States government, negotiations for which are going forward now, his task will be lighter. But he is hoping that Britishers will come forward in such numbers that conscription of them will be superfluous. His appeal, published in the Los Angeles Times on Sunday, points out that recruiting is practically at an end in Great Britain, as every man between the ages of 19 and 41 is serving either in the army or in important national work. Captain Shaw has been through all the vicissitudes of recruiting in England since the war began, and knows every phase of the work; and has proved so competent in it that the authorities decline to transfer him to any other branch of service. He is just over the military age himself, although he doesn't look it. Captain Shaw expects to remain in Los Angeles indefinitely, and, being the best type of Englishman, local hostesses are not slow to appreciate that he and his aide, Captain Bonner, of Vancouver, are very eligible social assets if the grim business of recruiting admits of any such leisure.

## A YOUTHFUL GOLFER

**M**ISS Kathleen Wright, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. N. Wright, of Pasadena, is a very youthful maiden to win the state championship in the woman's golf-tournament at Del Monte. She is but 17 years of age, and

yet for two years she has shown herself a worthy scion of that golfing family, her father E. N. Wright, and her brother, Carlton, both having been champions. She is a delightfully unaffected girl, with a merry smile, and a peculiar grace on the golf course. It is a joy to watch her easy swing as she sends the ball flying down the middle of the fairway. The Wrights belong to the Annandale Country Club, and have done much to keep that club's place in golf realms during its checkered career while it was re-organizing.

## HEIRLOOMS AH-OY!

**T**HE Red Cross has opened up a new asset, and under the supervision of Mrs. Hancock Banning, they have started a department for the reception of heirlooms and treasured relics, which are to be donated to the cause by ardent patriots, and sold for what they will fetch to sentimental collectors. Heirloom owners have come forward with reckless generosity, and a fine old fashioned brougham, minus the dashing pair of greys, was one of the first to appear on the scene. Quaint old rings and chains with histories, bric-a-brac, with former distinguished owners, old documents and autographed letters, aged books bearing historic book-plates, old lace, old silver, and even quaint old gowns are amongst the contributions. Now if only sentimental and patriotic purchasers can be persuaded to come forward with the same enthusiasm, the department should prove highly profitable. They rather expect to expect to sell the brougham to a cinema company, for instance. The Red Cross is getting quite desperately enterprising. They are, for instance, going to make autographed photographs of movie stars a profitable commodity. The ever generous Mary Pickford, for instance, will donate a hundred autographed pictures of her charming self.

## GOLF AT DEL MONTE

**O**UR Southern players don't seem to be startling the natives to any grave extent at Del Monte this year, and any faltering hopes we may have had that the championship title could be retained at this end of the State, has vanished already. Lawrence Cowing could not achieve the furlough he strived for to defend his title, and none of our few crack players are competing. George Cline of the San Gabriel Country Club was a watery hope at one time, but he succumbed to McGurran in an early round. Douglas Grant, the English player, from San Francisco, seems to be in excellent form; and the laurels rest between him and Jack Neville, at the time of writing. Douglas Grant is a highly interesting player in that he is afflicted with complete deafness, yet manages in

some curious way to anticipate and sense anything that may be said to him. He does not hear the warning "Fore", but he looks round before it is called. He plays a pretty game of golf, and unquestionably ranks amongst the best on the coast. Mrs. Carl Stanley, whom we knew as the pretty bride of Carl Stanley when he was manager at the Virginia at Long Beach, has surprised her friends by proving quite a creditable golfer, and defeating Mrs. Douglas Grant in her first round match at Del Monte. Evidently the lure of the Del Monte links has captivated Mrs. Stanley to good effect.

## LAFAYETTE IN MEMORIAM

**J** Baptiste Christian, eighty-two years of age, and a direct descendant of Le Marquis de Lafayette, carried the French Tricolor at the head of the little company of Grand Army veterans gathered at Exposition Park, Sept. 6, to celebrate the one-hundred-and-sixtieth anniversary of the birth of the great French General. There were music and addresses on all sides, the affair taking on a picturesque and patriotic aspect, not unlike the outdoor gatherings in France in the olden days. Willis H. Booth spoke to the throng on the spirit of independence, which, today is one and the same with that of Lafayette.



MR. J. S. CONWELL

President of Los Angeles City Council and Generalissimo of the Automobile Show



# BY THE WAY

**L**ORD Northcliffe has refused to see practically all interviewers since he came to America this time with the British War Mission. His idea is, it seems, that it might be a breach of etiquette for him to do so. However our friend Bruce Bliven, once a respectable professor at the respectable University of Southern California, and now of "Printers Ink", wrote him a heart-stirring letter, in which he presented a long string of categorical questions which ought to be answered to aid America in the war. Apropos of these, Bruce suggested that he answer them by telling what England's experience has been. This idea evidently pleased Lord Northcliffe immensely; and he gave a personal interview; something dozens of big-wigs in the magazine world would have given a months' salary for. Bliven submitted the MS. for revision; and Lord Northcliffe transmitted, through the famous "Daily Mail" war correspondent, Hamilton Fyfe, a fine letter of congratulation, together with an autographed copy of his warbook.

## ORCHESTRA AS CITY ASSET

"**I** SEE that Minneapolis again has shown appreciation of its symphony orchestra". I said to my English friend. Not content to back it up to the extent of \$75,000 a year, the business men of that city have offered to take every ticket left in the box office, after the season sale is over, and pay their good money therefore. These tickets they will put out to people who have not been in the habit of attending the symphony concerts, and thus assure, by the created appetite for good music, a sale for all the seats in the future.

"Well," he answered, "I suppose Los Angeles also will do the same thing, now, will it not?" At which I gasped with surprise; and with a feeling of dejection and abnegation, I tried to explain the treatment the business men of Los Angeles give our local symphony orchestra; and that the usual series of twenty concerts possibly would be reduced to six this year.

"But don't your people know the value of the orchestre to the city as an advertising feature?" he answered. "Why the only thing I know about Minneapolis is that it has a fine orchestra; that is the one feature besides its flours, that has reached us. We don't know its banks or factories, its stores or millionaires—we know its orchestra."

There, I thought, is a text for Los Angeles business men to consider—the value of an orchestra as a business asset, an advertising feature. Will our Chamber of Commerce, and our Merchants and Manufacturers Association, and our wealthy men let it be said that Los Angeles is the only big city in the country that, in the present conditions, fails to support its symphony orchestra? If that isn't "giving comfort to the enemy"! Tell Kaiser Willum that Los Angeles is so hard up that it can't continue its full symphony series, and he will infer the U. S. already is pinched by the war; and it will hearten him more than killing a score of Belgian women or English school-children.

## WHY, OF COURSE!

**C**HARLES Wakefield Cadman is much perturbed lest the article which appeared in the Graphic last month concerning him may destroy his chances of enjoying the wedded bliss and connubial felicity. He writes from Colorado, "Folks will think, 'And now Gates says as how Cadman hain't capable of lovin' affection; which same corroborates my idears that he suttinly will die an old bachelor and woman hater.' " And all because, although the "copy" said that Mr. Cadman, has about him "no pose, no affectation", the printer condensed the latter word into "affection". Now, every one who is well acquainted with Mr. Cadman knows that he fairly exudes attractiveness

for the fair sex; and it is backed by a whole well-spring of affection (not affectation). We add this foot note as to our opinion of Mr. Cadman, that the aspiring young woman clear across the country may realize the genial composer is not lacking in "affection."

## ESCAPE FROM A HAREM

**T**O ESCAPE by night from a palace surrounded by armed guards, to secretly take a small boat and row out to a waiting steamer and then take chances with enemy submarines, all in order to avoid life in a harem, was the experience of Zakey Arouni, who has come to America to see its wonders. Miss Arouni, who is at present staying at the Alexandria, for several years was the favorite dancer in a harem in Cairo, Egypt. As the daughter of a captain in the Khedival army she was protected. But when the war broke out and her father went to the front, the beautiful girl found her tormentor had decided to place her behind the bars of the harem. It was then that she escaped.

For years she had dreamed of the United States and its golden opportunities for self-development. Having received a liberal education which included the study of English and French, the bright Coptic girl, said to be a descendant of the Pharaohs, after escape, hurried to reach this country. In Southern California she expects to work out her intellectual and spiritual salvation. Miss Arouni is considerable of a scholar, having written several plays in Arabic.

## ROARING CAMP

**T**HE members of the L. A. A. C. are just naturally going to cut loose and let 'er go when they have their "big time at Roaring Camp" on September 15th and 16th in the heart of the Santa Monica mountains, thirty miles from Los Angeles. It will be a large occasion, just receive it from us. The scene of these western activities is described by the club publicity man as a place "where woodland joys are lurking among the shadows of virgin forests." Sounds like a real nice spot. All members who can get there will be present in western costume and the entire two day frolic will be photographed for the club's movie screen. Among the list of features the boys have planned are the lamentations of the whooping cough quartet, the Argonauts and the Forty Niners rounding Cape Horn, the tribulations of pigeon foot Sally, four big pot-

luck feeds, savory and copious, hair pulling match—Omaha Liz versus Larger Beer Maud, a selection of jeremaids by the horse thieves chorus, the campfire minstrels and so on. In other words a very enjoyable time will be had.

**"D**OWN with the dance," is the throaty demand of the Reverend William Sunday. Now the dance is something that Ted Shawn knows about, and he points out that it is just the reverend gentleman's neat footwork that is his chief asset in his fisticuffs with Kid Satan. "If Billy Sunday were to stand still and express his thoughts they would not carry any weight and there would be only a few people to hear him," says Mr. Shawn. "Mr. Sunday's arguments are all insipid, but he puts them over by dancing. He probably would deny that he is a dancer, yet all the movements of the body that are expressive are dances. He sways forward or backward and every one who sees the evangelist must admit that he is graceful when he wants to be. He leaps high into the air; he jumps over chairs, he imitates a pitcher throwing a ball. All these things are body movements, expressing inward feeling of religious fervor. Miss St. Denis and I interpret some religious rites of the Egyptians, and yet we may be condemned because we are on the stage." It is interesting to note that Mr. Shawn has prepared a dance version of the twenty-third Psalm, which he is to render at the Scottish Rite hall, San Francisco next week.



## TRIUMVIRATE OF ROARING CAMP

Mr. John F. Powers, Mr. William E. Bush, and Dr. Albert Soiland



## "GIVE THE DEVIL HIS DUE"



HAVING heard so much lately from Billy Sunday about what he thinks of Kid Satan, we thought it was only fair to send a GRAPHIC representative to interview His Majesty on what *he* thinks of Billy Sunday. When the question was put to him by our shrinking reporter, Satan spat and spluttered fire-and-brimstone expletives which may not be printed in a genteel magazine, but when he had overcome his choler somewhat he said, "Now look here, young man. Where would this man Sunday be without me? If I quit cold he will be up against it; like Othello, his occupation will be gone. And because of his low-browed vulgarity I'm inclined to break my pact with

him. I was in danger of being forgotten, you see, when the idea occurred to me to make this mountebank my publicity agent. I fixed it up with him that I would put up a sham fight and pretend to go down for the count in each place he opened his circus. Indeed, I was supposed to be killed outright in New York. But even the boobs who fall for his pantomime and grovel in the sawdust seem to be getting wise to the fake fight; and, anyway, I'm getting rather weary of the business association, and if Sunday persists in pouring scorn on the poor folks who can spare only a nickel for his collection I shall resign. Then—No Devil; no Billy Sunday."



# WILD AND WOOLLY MEMBERS OF THE L. A. A. C.



Judge Russ Avery and Joseph Scott at Close Quarters



Ralph C. Hamlin



Carl de V. Hundt



## IN "SOME BIG TIME AT ROARING CAMP"



"Going through him"—a scene from the old days. Introducing Chas. Sumner Kent, Ralph C. Hamlin, George Cline and Wm. E. Bush



In which two of the "girls" start something. The girls are Preston McKinney and Dr. Sam Alter; the men with the guns are Bob Alter and Com. Albert Soiland



# SOME ROUGH SCENES FROM REEL LIFE



Here are Carl de V. Hundt and Dr. Edgerton Carter making things lively for L. Frank Baum



And here we have Malcolm MacLaren, the Indian, about to swing on Irving Fisher, the Mexican



Fred McPherson holds up Commodore Albert Soiland



C. A. Langren, Rolla Norton, and Elmer Ralphs in a quiet scene



# IN THE DEAR OLD FAR-FLUNG SOUTHWEST



L. Frank Baum in a careless moment

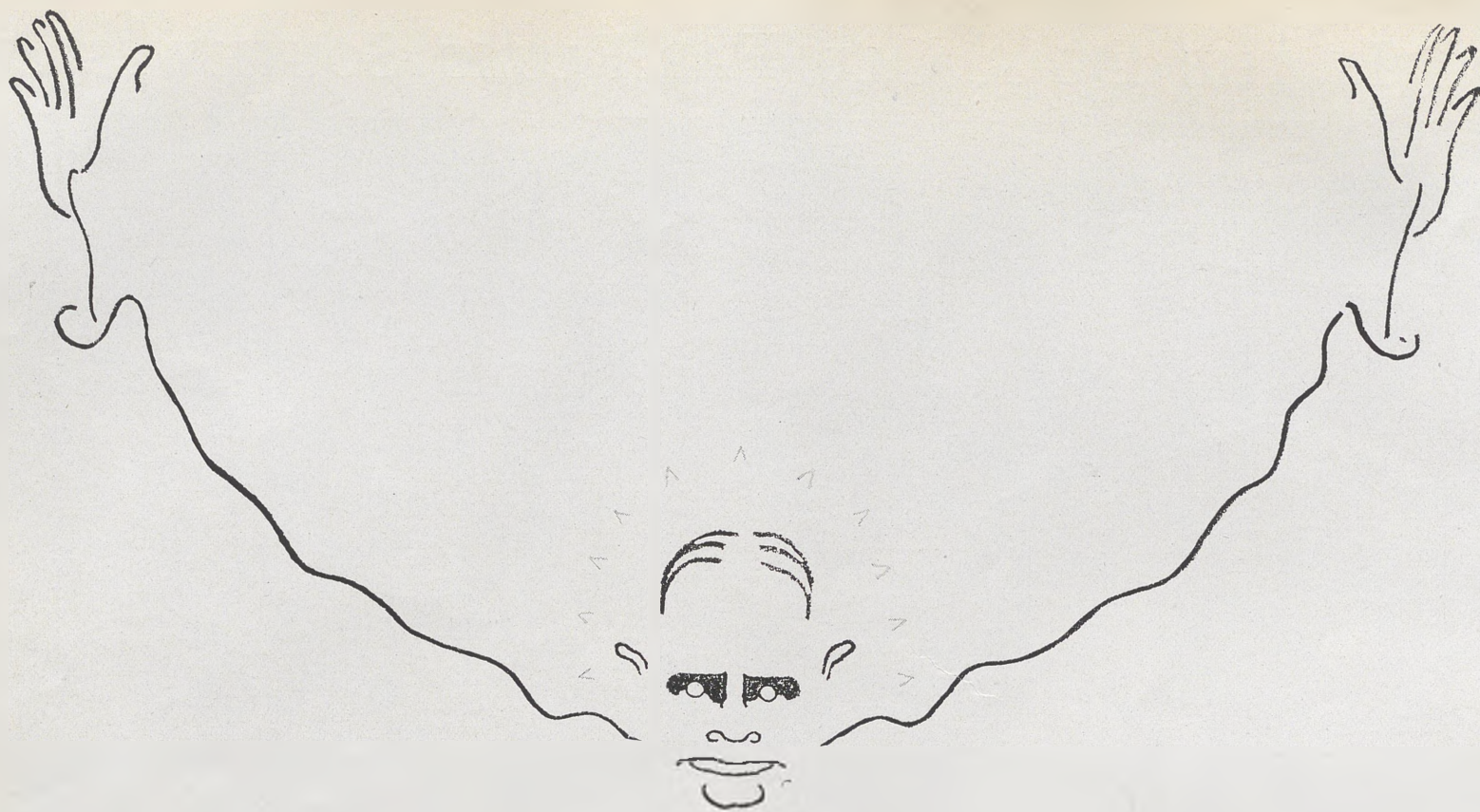


Dr. Edgerton Carter defies Billy Sunday



Clarence Bean, Ben Estes, Malcolm MacLaren, Irving Smith and Connie Gless in a dramatic "still"





## BECKY SHARP ON THE BRINK OF REFORM



THE editor took a reckless chance when he sent Norman Bel-Geddes and Becky Sharp to "sit under" Billy Sunday. Think what a calamity it would be for a refined, genteel, polished journal like the GRAPHIC, if we were successfully converted to Billy Sunday's extravagant diction.

At first sight, of course, Billy did not look dangerous. Perched on a green velvet carpeted platform, in a nicely fitting striped flannel suit and an unimpeachable shirt, with patent leather shoes, and a recent shave, he might have been a nice, ordinary, country-club young man, handling tea and angel cake. Oh, but

appearances are deceptive! You have no idea how startling it is to hear a volly of inimitable and utterly confounding abuse issuing from a pair of very shiny patent leather shoes, in a hoarse, strained voice, accompanied by ferocious little runs and jumps all over the platform. As an interpretive dancer of novel masculine ferociousness, I seriously recommend Billy Sunday as a model for Ted Shawn. He kept us in a thrilling agony of suspense, taking as he did violent little runs to the very balancing on tiptoes, with perilous abandon, of time, and pausing on shining sweat from his copious handkerchief. m o p p e d. Likewise all shed coats. Billy Pole. But this happens its own, and the taber-moisture from every collar, and fanned itself and wrung out its mops. It chewed gum with dreadful perseverance, until Billy came around to his "dirty chewing-gum bunch" remark, when it tried to swallow it with furtive shame, and look innocent.



As I gazed around on that perspiring but eminently virtuous looking audience (plump maternal dames, and honest irreproachable spinsters, elderly men in specs, who must long since have ceased to sin, grey-haired grandmamas, who have committed no worse crime than spoil John's youngest shamefully, goodly business men who had snatched an hour to "give God a chance," earnest young men of conscious righteousness, nice young women in shirtwaists guiltless of peek-a-boo), I felt that Norman and I were the only real sinners there.

And the thing began to get very personal. Oh, very. Imagine your Becky's emotions when, poised on one toe, with condemning finger, Billy looked me in the eye and shouted, "When I see a



cigarette in your mouth, sister, I have got your number. I know all about you and I have no use for you." And even when he hastily turned his attention from me, assuring a batch of nice suburban housewives, "You women that talk about your neighbors, you are a gang of old hags, I tell you"—I thought remorsefully of my soothing little cigarette which, if I would stand well with Billy, must depart forever from my shameful life! And yet . . . Well, I made the lone personal confession of the day, after the meeting.

"Tell me, oh great exhorter," I beseeched, "must I really give up my cigarette to be saved?"

"It's up to you, sister," he said as he pressed my anguished hand.

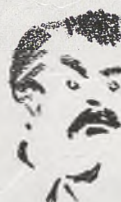
"Oh, no, it isn't," I demurred. "Mr. Sunday, you have settled every issue on the world, the flesh, the devil, of God, and heaven, this afternoon. This question is up to you. I have smoked all my sinful life; and I am healthy, amiable, good-tempered, and comfortable to work with. Without my seductive cigarette I shall be the quintessence of unpleasantness to live with. Can't I take it as that medicine of which you assured us the Lord approved?"

But Billy hesitates to damn the individual soul. He will call a thousand men liars and skunks; he will label a million church-goers as "slimy, dirty hypocrites"; but to the individual he vouchsafes a sweet, radiant, intimate little smile that says "It's all right, old chap, I did not mean that for you. You are O. K. You are the dazzling exception." I thought of the lady who could nag a six-foot-four husband into utter subjection; but would not stand up to a cockroach to save her life. Billy declined to condemn my personal cigarette. I alone of women may smoke with impunity.

Oh, but Billy is down on "vain, foolish talk," which he says is "robbing God." And to think how some of us have yearned for that precious gift of small conversation. Many a life has been socially blighted for the lack of it. One could see stern silent men in that audience, who had frozen many a dinner party, and gone home to commit suicide for their sin in remorseful anguish;

whose besetting sin was their addiction to the weighty philosophies of life heaped about with stodgy profundities and great thoughts gazing upon Billy with affrighted alarm. Just as M. Bourgeois discovered to his amazement that he had been speaking prose all his life and didn't know it, they had been virtuous all the time and did not know it. Unconsciously they had sinned all their lives, yearning for sin in the form of useful small talk; and thus wiped out their valued credit in Heaven.

It is perfectly awful what Billy thinks of flirting. "The modern suitor is wise. It is as hard to pass off a girl that has been pawed over





by a different fellow six nights a week, with the light turned low, as it is to fatten sheep on pineapple ice." And how those sweet-faced spinsters in his audience gaped. They had never, never been guilty of such a thing; but some wise suitor must have thought they had, else why . . . And they blushed furiously as they remembered the immortal Shakespeare's dictum, "Tis better to be vile, than vile esteemed." And the vast concourse of our laughers of society, whom Billy designated "pencil-eyebrowed, painted, frizzy-haired nothings," and who were not there to hear about the horrors of "pawing with the light turned down," continued to announce their weddings in the morning paper. The while the spinsters wondered whether, after all, sheep could not be fattened on pineapple ice.

Billy is comfortably assured that "that gang of cut-throats that don't believe in the sanctity of the marriage vow, that don't believe in the sanctity of property rights," all come from across the sea. "Let them go back across the sea where they were kennelled. Today they have driven God out of our schools, and let the Devil in. If they don't like the way we run things in this country, let them beat it."

Mm! Yes, of course. I personally came here because the American Consular office in London distributed some most seductive literature on California, with pictures of steamboats plying up the Los Angeles river. Just as though the lure of dear old California was not good enough on its honest merits. And I know a score of people who came here because they had bought fine, flourishing ranches of American real estators in Europe, which produced four crops of everything a year, and paid 200 per cent on the investment. If these are some of the "gang of cut-throats," who can "beat it if they don't like the way things are run here," Billy might at least vouchsafe them a return ticket. Most of them are paupers now.

However, as Billy was saying. . . "Believe in the law of Moses, an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth." But, no. He does not really mean that. It would be quite horrid if we turned around and called Billy the things he calls us. I have a reprehensible creed that makes me want to call Billy a dear, excitable saint, who doesn't mean any harm when he tells me I am an old hag in the slimy service of the devil. So long as the Devil is not under the same misapprehension, I bear Billy no ill-will.

But it is when Billy tells us to confess, to note down our individual sins with a pencil and paper, that I really adore him most. There is nothing quite so passionately interesting as confessing. I have yearned to confess all my life, but could never get anybody to listen to me with that entralling fascination that should be my due. I have listened, however, to numerous wicked confessions from the male sex. That is another of their jealous prerogatives. They reserve the right to do all the sumptuous confessing with impunity, while I am condemned to pretend to be a nice, modest little thing who wouldn't have dreamed of being naughty. But now Billy says I can confess to my heart's content, and that I shall be shaming the Devil by so doing. Quite the most pleasant way of shaming the Devil I know. I think I will give a confession party to all my girl friends—dash it all, one must have an audience. But I don't think we shall be really satisfied until we have confessed to the men. There is nothing so irksome as living up to a good reputation with masculinity. They respect us, but they don't love us for it.

By the time Billy leaves Los Angeles, seven weeks hence, many things will be changed. All the good people who have religiously gone to hear him will be comfortably convinced of their own unrighteousness. Having been nice, and good, and commonplace, all their lives, they will radiate in the sweet suspicion that they have really been the very devils of fellows. And we shall all have learned that sumptuous abuse is godly. This will give us infinite relief. For years we have schooled ourselves into politeness and sweet tolerance. For weary years we have made a business of saying nice things to each other. For years we have tried to close our eyes to our neighbor's faults, and love him as ourselves. But Billy tells us his methods are the chosen methods of the Lord. So now, dash it all, away with this cloying flattery. Away with *la politesse*. Our duty towards our neighbor is to tell him he is "a lying skunk, a dirty hypocrite, and we have got his number." Shades of Numero! Well I'll atone to Billy in *mes confessions propres*; for honestly I simply dote on angel-reformers. They can't be *de trop*, possibly, you know. They are quite in a class by themselves, apart as they are from the general disorder of the

universe. But, oh! how refreshingly piquant our normal life will be if we adopt Billy's standard of parlor deportment. With his rip-you-up-the-back vocabulary, formal receptions will lose much of their polite effervescent horrors. Dinner parties will become replete with thrilling interest. And dancing will co-opt the "Billy Balance," the "Sunday Slide," the "Evangelist Hesitation" and the "Pious Pirouette."

## GREATNESS AT HOME

By WALTER VOGDES

I HAVE only one fault to find with the way our Los Angeles newspapers are covering Billy Sunday's big show and that is him. When we have a great man should tell us more about him. There must be so many lovable details about Billy's home life which they so cruelly hold back. For instance, does he care and does he think tea is sinful he consider both green and black can see the possibilities of an in-

Here's another instance. I heard a man say the other day that Billy wears purple socks and that he brushes his teeth three times a day. Now facts like these are what we want. They are the quiet little human touches that give the man his place in our affections. Then we see at once that although his extraordinary mental equipment puts him beyond us most of the time, at other times he comes down to our level.

It was to satisfy myself on points like this that I set out to find Billy at his home. If the newspapers would not give me those heart throbs I'd hunt them down myself. I was feeling especially glad at the prospect of meeting Billy and hearing him tell me at close range the great truths that I wanted to hear. I was exalted, as you might say.

As I walked along the street I saw a man approaching whom I knew. He used to be a friend of mine, and I used to think him a charming fellow. But that is all gone now, for just the other day I heard him say that he disagreed with Billy. So I realize now that he is only a "peanut-brained lobster."

His saying that he disagreed with Billy came about when I reproached him for smoking cigarettes. I said that Billy thought cigars were more manly. He turned on me quite viciously at that and said that he didn't give a maple nut sundae for what Billy thought. He said that cigars made him sick and that he wasn't going to let anyone regulate the size of his smoke. And then he capped the climax of wilfulness by seizing me by the arm and suggesting that I go over to the club with him and "hit one of those long green ones Joe mixes so well". Although I did not quite understand his words I felt their sinister import and I drew away from him with a shudder.

So now as I watched him draw nearer, I was in a quandary. Although I cannot call the man my friend any longer I did not like to hurt his feelings by reached a corner as I was hesitating and turned it without seeing me. I breathed a sigh of relief.

I was just getting back into that exalted state when I received another jolt. Across the street and, gazing straight at me, was a young woman whom I used to admire. But I can no longer admire her—she dances! And Billy is most positively against that vice. Before I knew it, however, I had spoken to her and she passed on.

Good heavens! I stopped, sagging with guilt. I had spoken to a woman who dances! I tried to drive the awful thought from my mind, but it clung to me. I tried to gloss it over by telling myself that she had a lovable disposition and that she was kind to her family. But such thoughts did not satisfy.

Then suddenly the air cleared as if by magic. The atmosphere, if I may phrase it that way, became beatific. And looking up, I perceived that I was standing in front of Billy Sunday's Bonnie Brae Street house.

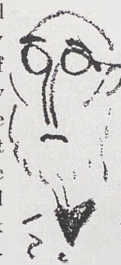
It was late afternoon. A dog ran around the house and looked at me. It too had a beatific look. And the trees before the house seemed more upright than most trees. Suddenly a snore came from the house.

Billy! Resting from his afternoon's battle with the devil. I listened—the snore came again. You may think it was just an ordinary snore. Not at all, it had that finely human quality that marks Billy's simplest utterance.

It was a trenchant, virile, exhilarating snore. In brief, the snore of a man of genius.

I waited perhaps five minutes. Then came quietness and, in another moment, the front door of the house was thrown open violently, a lithe figure of a man darted out and down the steps, cramming a hat on his head. He came straight for me.

"Say!" he shouted. How like Billy! I treasured



(Continued on page 31)



# THAT PEST, THE INTERVIEWER

By WALTER VOGDES

THIS way, sir," says the servant, and you are ushered into the presence of the August Personage. The interview is on.

But perhaps the Personage isn't august at all. Perhaps it is an affable personage, a worried one, a timid one, or a grouchy one.

We all know that Hudson Maxim, Geraldine Farrar, Colonel Roosevelt, Mary Garden are good subjects for the interviewer. They like to be interviewed, they say picturesque things. We know that Kitchener, Charles Frohman and Pierpont Morgan were difficult to reach in all senses of the phrase. We know that Mrs. Pat Campbell is always bored, very bored. But we also know that she is an actress, and a clever woman, and that she knows the value of the interview as an instrument of publicity. Forbes-Robertson is kindly, patient, and very careful of the things he says. Bernhardt, if she happens to be in good humor, is delightful.

Those interviewed often fit into classes. There's the modest violet type, the "really-I-can't-understand-what-you-can-find-interesting-about-me" kind. There's the kind who hasn't anything interesting to say and resents being found out. There's the man who has been soured on interviewers in general by one or two harrowing experiences in misquotation. There's the man who talks volubly and recklessly, and then squeals when he sees his remarks in print, and often denies them. There's the European who talks of the coldness and beauty of American women and the utter subjection of American men. There's the newly-rich-newly-famous type who is very suspicious of the interviewer and thinks he is quite likely to take the small cloisonne near his elbow unless he is watched. And, thank goodness, there is that sophisticated individual who is actually able to take an interview as a matter of course, and who is also able to sit down and talk charmingly and without pose.

If you happen to be a personage, and you decide to grant an interview, surely the best way to go through with it is to take it as a matter of course. You're in for it, there's no use squirming. It doesn't help matters to make it unnecessarily gruesome. Now does it?

No one realizes this better than the interviewer, and when given cooperation he can generally be counted on to turn out an interesting story. In a general interview he tries to be both truthful and entertaining. Sometimes the combination is difficult to achieve. When there is a choice the conscientious interviewer will be truthful. In such cases the result is sometimes sad. Once the worm turned viciously when Alan Dale interviewed a famous ballet dancer. The lady's remarks were largely confined to "yes" and "no" and "tee hee". In vain Dale endeavored to have her say interesting things. He almost put them into her mouth. She would have none of them. So he wrote the interview just as it happened, "yes" and "no" and "tee hee". Especially "tee hee". It was a very droll interview and everybody was satisfied except the young lady. She was most indignant.

Of all stage people none is more alive to the possibilities of the interview than Mary Garden. In the happy, scrappy days when Oscar Hammerstein was bucking the Metropolitan Opera Company in the big cities of the east, and planning a string of opera houses to stretch across the continent, both he and the Garden could always be counted on for stories. They weren't "cooked up" press agent yarns either. They were natural and spontaneous, and they were as good as Hammerstein's cigars. The Garden was new to us then, new to us from Paris, but we soon came to know her, not only as a most interesting operatic artist—she was giving us *Thais* and *Melisande* and *Louise* for the first times—but as a high spirited and outspoken personality.

At that time Howard Shelley was doing the publicity work for the Hammer-

stein Company. Later, he left for a season when the company changed hands. The press agent who took his place had not Shelley's gift for placing the singers before the public. So Shelley returned. At which Mary exclaimed fervently, "Thank heaven, Shelley is back. Now we can talk."

My first interview with a famous personage was rather a tragic experience. It was not really an interview, it was an attempt. I was eighteen and I had just gone to work on a Philadelphia newspaper. One Saturday my city editor sent me out to get an advance story for the Monday paper concerning the commencement exercises of a nurses' graduating class at a large hospital. First I went to the hospital and there found that the late Dr. S. Weir Mitchell was to deliver the address at the exercises. Straightway I went to interview him about the subject.

Dr. Mitchell was quite old then and quite famous, both as a physician and as a novelist. I did not know that he was also quite difficult to approach. I had read his "Adventures of Francois" and "Hugh Wynne". "Hugh Wynne" I liked especially, liked it for its story and for its fascinating pictures of Colonial Philadelphia. I don't know what I should think of it now, but then it seemed a novel to be read and reread. And I looked forward eagerly to meeting the man who had written it. I pictured him sitting at home in an easy chair and chatting graciously. I meant to tell him how much his book had meant to me.

On Saturday he was not at home. So, although Sunday was my day off, I decided to return and try to interview him then. Sunday morning I rang the bell at his house and an English manservant opened the door. The doctor was at church, he said, would I step inside and wait?

I was ushered into the front room where I waited about an hour. Then the street door opened, there were steps in the hallway, and the servant said, "There's a young gentleman to see the doctor."

An elderly man, tall, stoop-shouldered, keen eyed, hair almost white, entered. He looked at me and waited.

I arose and spoke. I was a bit flustered and he was quite deaf. He cupped his hand over his ear and asked me to repeat myself. I did so. Again he missed the import of my questioning. A third time I spoke and then he understood. At least he understood that I was from a newspaper—that was enough. His querulous manner became openly hostile.

"I never grant interviews," he said.

But this wasn't really an interview, I explained. I merely

wanted him to tell me something about the address that he was going to deliver before the nurses' graduating class.

I forget what he said then, but he was crusty and final. He led the way from the room and, in the most natural way, toward the door. We were there before I knew it. As he opened the street door he looked at me and perhaps something of my disappointment reached him. "I'm very very sorry," he said. "But I've had so many experiences with gentlemen of the press that I've grown hard, quite hard."

And I was outside, alone on the doorstep.

Oh well, it's all over now and the sting is gone. But I don't think that "Hugh Wynne" was ever quite the same book afterward.

How different was Forbes-Robertson. I remember him one morning in a Philadelphia hotel, the center of a questioning group of newspaper people. He sat there, his thin legs crossed, smoking a cigarette, his fine profile against the light. The interviewers were firing questions at him rapidly, he was replying carefully, slowly, gently. One young man and one young woman led the questioning. They were antagonistic, the young man, a dramatic critic, wanted to interview Forbes-Robertson about the art of the stage, the young woman,



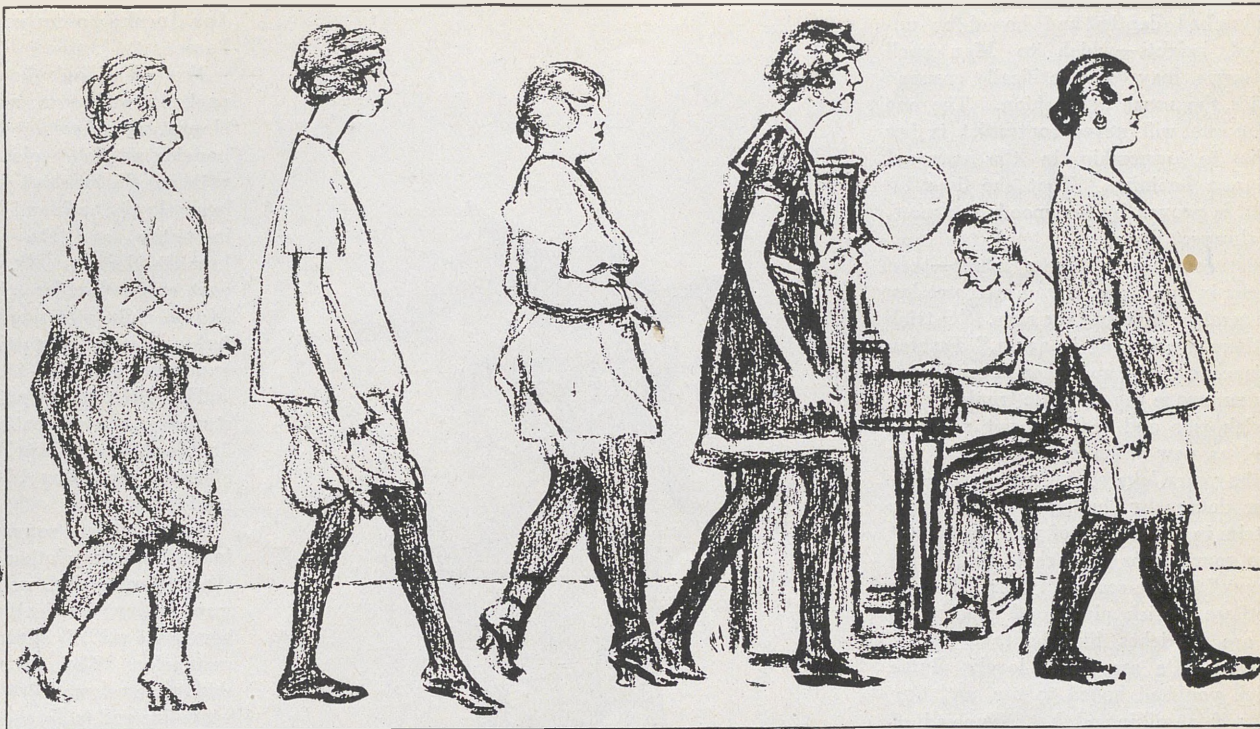
## WAR FOR SPREAD OF KULTUR

UNREAD GERMAN PROFESSOR (to unread German Poet): Ah, dear Herr Poet, our ungrateful country may not have read us, but she has gone to war to make the foreigners do so!





"HEELS TOGETHER" IS NONE TOO EASY FOR BESSIE ZEPP

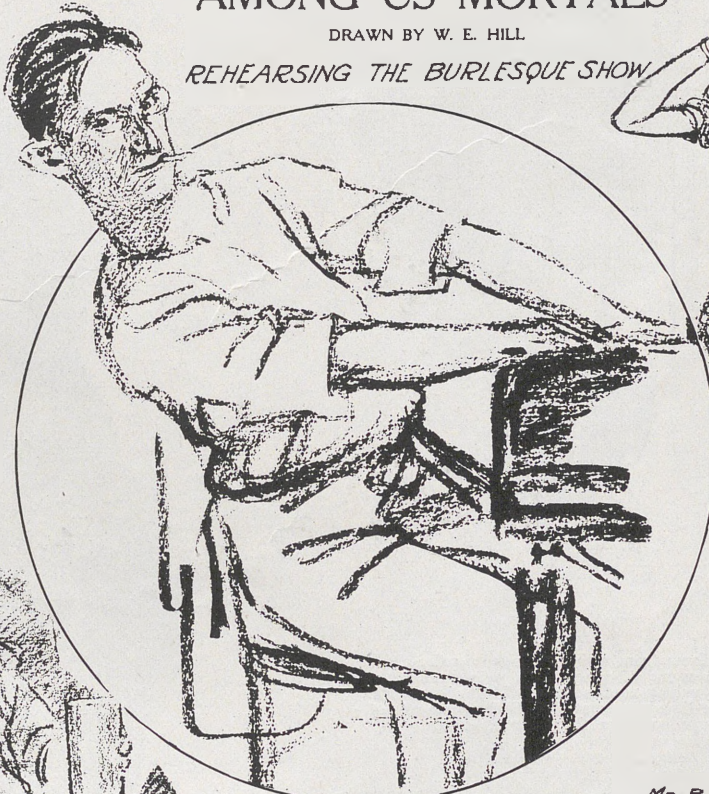


## AMONG US MORTALS

DRAWN BY W. E. HILL

REHEARSING THE BURLESQUE SHOW

WITH THE THERMOMETER AT 94° IN THE SHADE "THE GAY MORNING GLORIES" ARE NOT SO VERY GAY.



MUSICAL DIRECTOR TRYING TO GET A LINE ON JUST WHAT GIRLS HAVE'NT LEARNED THE WORDS.



MR. BAUMAN, WHO OWNS THE SHOW, LOOKING AT THINGS IN GENERAL, AND IN PARTICULAR, THE PONY WHO WAS HIRED WITH ALL HER CLOTHES ON.



NELLIE DE LONG, "THE NORDICA OF BURLESQUE," MAKING GOOD HEADWAY WITH HER PART, AND A CAN OF BEER ON THE SIDE.

ON THE SIDE LINES, SHOWING THE PRODUCER, THE YOUNG MAN WHO DOES GEORGE COHAN'S OLD STUFF, AND THE SISTER ACT, WATCH THE LEADING LADY TELL THE COMEDIAN WHERE HE GETS OFF.



"GEE - MY FEET ARE ABOUT KILLIN' ME -".

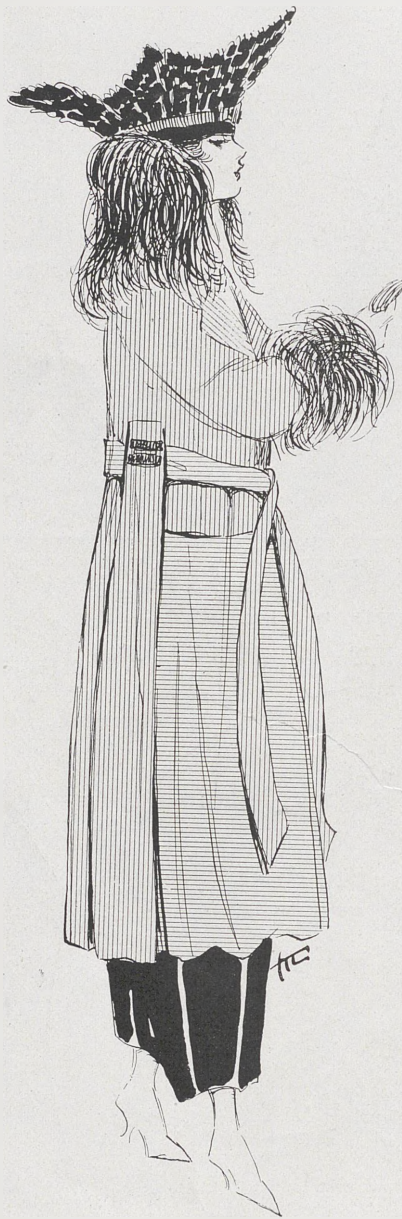


ALL THE whimsicality, the sly elusiveness, the provoking coquetry, the evasive answering by half truths unexpressed, the suspected unplumbed depths and hoped-for unscaled heights—which to Man spell Feminine, may be scientifically grouped under the name of Fashion. The one thing she will never contradict is her right to ownership in the personal pronoun feminine. That she lives up to it, is proven by her moods just now, as always.

She confides to you a secret—then laughs in your face, if you interpret her as literal in anything she says. "Ostrich feathers are coming in again," Fashion whispers craftily; and when in confidence you rummage the old attic trunk for the ostrich tips and feathers put away as good as new when ostriches went out in the years *lang syne*, resolved to save your dollars by buying a cheap shape to trim in the secrecy of your own closet—to your horror you behold the ostrich "fancy" of the season '17, as little like to those ostrich plumes of other days as are ostriches like bantam chicks! So you hide away the lovely plume which you had hoped to use, and buy yourself a millinered hat possessed of



Contradictory as woman, is this victorious hat! A double-helmet shape, its brim is also crown, which in turn is masked with ostrich that looks like something else! The suit which it has vanquished is complacently aware of its own mode-correctness; Antelope velour, long panelling, embroidery of chenille and nutria fur. In command at Robinson's.



The fawn from which springs its color-name has no more of grace than this sumptuous un-cut velvet coat seen at Eddie Schmidt's. Its long lines are masterly. Odd ornaments of tiger's-eye lend a subtle Chinese charm.

a feather glycerined or chemically burnt, until the bird it grew upon would run away at sight of it!

"At last she's growing sensible," you sigh relievedly, upon hearing Fashion intimate that, since Paris lacks warm homes, clothes will be warm and comfortable, and colors will be dark for reasons of war economy. Possibly you thought she would put on woolen underwear, or don yarn-knitted hose! Better make another guess. The warmth is well confined to fur collars piled high around her ears, and muffs to carry with her filmy frocks; heavy trains of velvet warm nothing but the floor, while her dainty ankles glimmer through the thinnest gossamer, and her lovely shoulders glisten whitely in the chill, winter atmosphere.

Fashion and inconsistency, indissolubly, are one.

Is that why she is lovable? Because of—or in spite of it—what matter, since she's loved. You must own to her allurements if you will visit her in those

## NEW MODES DESCRIBED

Los Angeles houses where she's most at home.

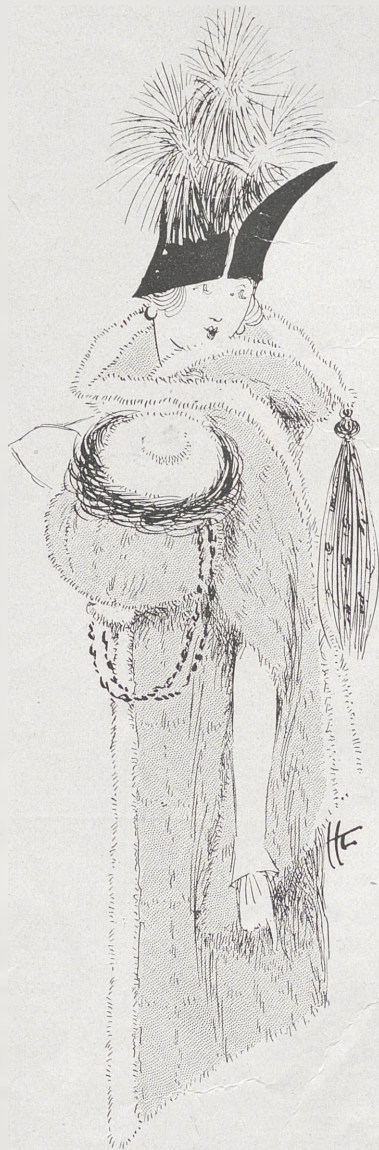
From Fashion's boxes, but just unpacked, was seen at Robinson's an elegant suit of wool velour, in the newly popular antelope color. The long coat with panellings short at either side and longer in the back and front, was banded in nutria, and the side panels were broadly plaited. The deep yoke of the coat was embroidered in chenille thread and a chin caressing collar of nutria fur, and cuffs of nutria completed the handsome suit.

The hat consorting with it was a stunning one of hatter's plush, in a double helmet shape, the high, brim-effected crown topped with a mass of ostrich fancies.

Instantaneous conversion to a belief in ready-to-don clothes when such are of the Desmond kind, would befall the woman, however critical, who beheld that handsome suit of silvertone velour, in rust color. The coat, built upon long slender lines, was fitted closely at the waist-line and fell in a deep point, closely clinging despite its rather wide knife



"It's all in lineage!" cry handsome hats; and one trampled mole velvet and another crushed velvet. "The crown is really everything," says a third hints at mystic land where ermine lillies bloom black Lyons velvet grass! Taken at Blackstone's.



It set out to be dignified—this moleskin set of furs, with quaintly demure dolman; but the joyous little muff would persist in playing lantern and so the set gave up and was nothing save enrapturing, as it had to own by means of ermine facings and ermine elsewhere. The exclamatory hat, of mole-colored Lyons velvet, submitted to a crown all pomponed over with glycerined ostrich flues. Taking place at Bullock's.

plaits. Most novel was in double-breasted effect, collar faintly sounded a The Gage hat with it, a shape, turned up a brim, and almost eclipsed crown, which still somehow held its own, until rescued by bow which held both to

The Eddie Schmidt coat just goes to show that if tailored frocks that fit and fabric were absolute also make dashing wraps coat of uncut velvet in a shape is builded upon lines of Shirred panellings at either panel at the front are different crosswise placing of the There are unguessed great collar of sable for sable cuffs. Like puns to emphasize the fact that is an courant with the thought, are the odd Chinese of tiger's eye, run through brown cords. The living coat is of satin in the fawn color and bronze.

If it's mole, it's the latest dictum in the world.

One seen at Bullock's in the very newest shape, long ends thrown around and a caught-up shawl effect in quaint reminder of vintage. This fetching concoction for theater wear or for afternoon—was faced with the same virgin fur form button-tip of the odd shape had been infected with



# CRIED—By Violette Ray



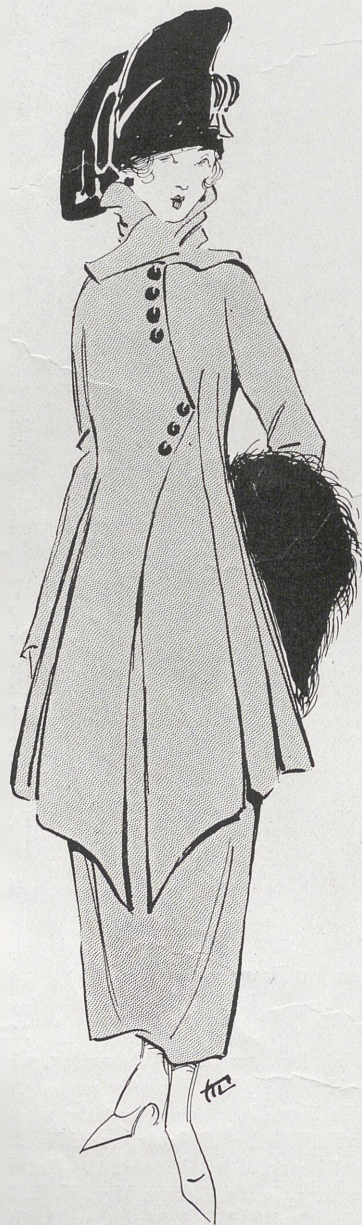
craze for Chinese ornamentation and would masquerade in guise of a hanging lantern, with a heavy silken cord for hanging it upon the arm. The opening for hands was near the top. The hat—honored by association with this ravishing fur set—was of mole colored velvet, with an aspiring brim, and high crown made higher by a mass of novel pompons formed from glycerined ostrich flues.

A velour suit, seen at the Paris Store, was in the new beet-root shade, so popular in Paris. French *velour de lain* was the material and fine soutache braid in black, the trimming which took the form of a deep band embroidered upon the skirt of the knee-long skirt. The collar of black velvet was a sailor at the back and was supplemented by a modish scarf of the velour, the ends tossed across the shoulder and tipped with a braid ornament and a tassel of black silk thread. The striking feature of this suit was the double-breasted cut, the buttons of bone, in beet-root and black, fastening into scallops upon one side of the front and holding well in place the closely

"cry these haughty, one traces ancestry to and antique silver lace. everything", a tall beauty mystic origin in a fairy- es blossom and there's ass! The proud coterie

el was the fastening effect. The high ded a military note. it, a semi-Napoleonic brim quite independ- eclipsed the Tammish somehow managed to rescued by a jetted oth together firmly. idt coat pictured here hat if a man can make at fit as though flesh bsolutely one, he can wraps. This stunning in a soft shade of fawn, nes long and loose. at either side and a flat re differentiated by a of the velvet wale. ssed pockets and a b fox, matched by e punctuation points, act that the garment h the latest Fashion d Chinese ornaments a brough with dark ling of this sumptu- n in broad stripes of nze.

modish; this is the e world of fancy furs. lock's was a dolman, shape, with generous- a around the shoulders aw effect at the back, of wraps of olden time. nfection—appropriate for afternoon visiting illess ermine, and r formed the top and dd shaped muff which with the prevalent



"Less waste!" the National slogan. "Less waist!" echoed this close-fitting coat, accenting the refrain by a pointed tunic-skirt. The Tam-crown of the hat entered into argument with the Napoleonic brim, but they were brought together by a peace-loving, jetted bow. All this occurred at Desmond's.



The flaring peacock fancy aperch upon the hat was stripped of all save myriad eyes; but they look down admiringly upon a fascinating suit of velour de lain, in the new French beet-root shade. The scarf across the shoulder—braid and tassel tipped—is a way some collars have, this season, of ending their careers. At The Paris.

fitted waist line. The hat with it was of black hatter's plush with the new, soft crown and broad brim, affare with a spread of peacock fancies, stripped of all save tiny eyes.

The generously protective coat of silk seal velour, pictured on these pages, was shown by Harris & Frank. It is willing to do many things to ingratiate itself into feminine favor. The first appeal is made for warmth and wear-ability, and it next speaks of luxurious beauty, using words of fur in the flying squirrel language, which words are a guarantee of the season's modishness.

Deep cuffs of flying squirrel, and a band around the skirt, make it irresistible. It is lined throughout with handsome flowered silk.

Blackstone hats are among Fashion's foremost choice. A heavy grosgrain ribbon mounted spirally on one, until it outstripped the crown itself, which was diamond shaped and very high. The brim, determined not to be commonplace, drooped to a broader sweep upon one side than the other and was

wider at the back. To further prove its high estate, it claimed descent from Lyons velvet.

A black velvet picture shape with broadly curving brim, brought forth from some wondrous fairyland where ermine lilies grow, a snowy flower to blossom chastely on its supple velvet crown!

Silver lace and crushed mole velvet decided to be a picture hat and when they had joined issues, two silver ornaments laid hands on them in blessing, and beholders said, "Amen."

In proof of the assertion that Fashion is never aught save feminine and contradictory, was a note observed—one might say a "marginal note"—upon a stunning suit of trench cloth worn the other day by a girl who dropped into the Alexandria for tea.

If ever anything was military, that suit was so; with its tightly fitting coat, scant skirt, and straight, high collar fastened closely underneath the chin. But just there cropped out the feminine! For, in contradiction of all that severity, the collar floated frivolously off in narrow scarf ends which blossomed, ere they stopped, into multi-colored tassels rooted in a brilliant ornament.



This chivalrous coat of seal velour will go almost any length in protection of a woman who places faith in it. The overwhelming collar, of flying squirrel fur, is notched boastfully to register its conquests over feminine hearts. Lying in wait at Harris and Frank's.



# THE WEEK IN SOCIETY

**I**F YOU'RE not knitting these days you are near shirking. Womankind in general has assumed this duty with a fervor of enthusiasm. Cold weather is approaching and there is urgent need of turning out vast quantities of woollens for the American soldiers, in France. Just now the Red Cross workers are in the midst of a "knitting bee", in which the services of every woman are asked. One thousand garments a day is the record for which the knitters will strive; and in this collection there will be included socks, jackets, wristlets, and mufflers. If 15,000 sets of these warm woollen garments can be finished at the end of the two months' drive, they can be sent off in time to reach the American soldiers before winter sets in. So Los Angeles women are setting a hard pace for the easterners, and in this campaign for 15,000 woollen sets, they are proposing to do more than their proportionate share, since New York, with ten times the population, has agreed to provide but 25,000 sets. Incidentally it is interesting to note how the fascination of knitting has gained hold of the women. Of course there is the real motive; but after one has taken up the work it is as impossible to lay down as to abandon a thrilling novel. Where milady goes, there also goes her knitting, and the old adage, "there is a time and a place for everything" is revised now to "any time and any place for knitting". Even with this latitude, however it was a surprised judge and a surprised court which recently beheld one of its women jurors complacently knitting during a trial. And she was not alone in her patriotic labors; for a group of the prominent women of the beach city, drawn to the court-room by this particular case, knitted with equal fervor during the entire proceedings.

Tuesday afternoon, September 4, a benefit garden and card party was given for the Belgian Relief work, at Casa des Roses, the Girls' Collegiate School. Each month, since the organization of the Belgium Relief Commission in Los Angeles, the committee has sent a substantial contribution to the fund for the suffering and those in want in Belgium. About ninety guests were at the card party, which was in charge of Mrs. Morris Albee, who has been one of the staunch supporters of the commission. Mrs. Willoughby Rodman is president, and is ably aided in the work by Mrs. A. C. Billicke, Mrs. Fred Hooker Jones, Mrs. Norman Macbeth, Mrs. Treanor, Mrs. Matthew Robertson and Mrs. Creamer. Miss Katherine Torrance and Miss Marjorie Freeman were two of the young girls who assisted at the lawn fete of last Tuesday. The next benefit is to be given at the home of Mrs. A. C. Billicke, in South Pasadena, and promises to be most unique.

A surprising number of Southern Californians who have in the past felt that a vacation trip was indispensable in summer, have compromised with a

brief stay at a near-by resort, by an occasional week-end trip, or by taking a needed day-of-rest at home. The devotion which many of the society women have given to their Red Cross work has been the reason for curtailing many trips this season. One of the energetic women who have sacrificed their summer outing is Mrs. Berthold Baruch, whose broad sympathies are divided between the Red Cross work, and raising a large sum for the Y. M. C. A. Mrs. Baruch is chairman of the advisory board of the City Mothers' Bureau, and treasurer of the Friday Morning Club, giving these organizations a goodly share of her active interest.

In a group which will leave Los Angeles soon on a trip to Mexico, under the direction of D. F. Robertson, are Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Percy, Dr. and Mrs. James Thomas, Mr. M. L. Applegate, Mr. P. H. Brown, and Mr. P. H. Ruthling. They will sail from San Francisco, September 14, on the S. S. City of

Para, and after visiting Mazatlan and Manzanillo will proceed by rail to Mexico City.

The Stratford Inn, Del Mar, is proving a great attraction for army men and their families and friends; for with Camp Kearny only a twenty minute ride from Del Mar, and by reason of the comforts and hospitality offered by F. H. Tolle and Mr. B. J. Weinder, a delightful army colony has naturally evolved. The fine plunge at the Inn, has been greatly appreciated by the men and the Saturday evening dances there are looked forward to every week. Captain and Mrs. H. W. Newton who recently arrived at the Inn are planning to remain a short while. Lt. and Mrs. C. A. Shepard registered there for a few days and since then Lt. Shepard has been assigned to duty at Camp Kearny. Lt. Mairrelle, French Army Aviator, entertained at dinner recently; as did Lt. D. Johnston, Lt. J. D. Vincent, and Lt. H. S. Kenyon, of North Island.

Messrs. Donald Kennedy and William H. Kennedy, Jr., sons of Mr. and Mrs. William H.

Kennedy, of Los Angeles, left for New York, Wednesday, where they will both attend Eastern schools. Mr. and Mrs. Kennedy passed the summer in the East, and plan to remain in New York throughout the winter.

Recently Mrs. Frank R. Elliott of Chicago, and Miss F. E. Porter, who is from Japan, were guests of honor at luncheon at the Hotel Oakland. Those invited to meet them were Mrs. Grant H. Tod, Mrs. W. A. Hyslop, Mrs. J. R. Bell, Mrs. C. C. Wand, Mrs. Carl F. Wood, Mrs. Cora A. Gilcrest, Mrs. R. A. Hanson, Mrs. A. G. Henry, Mrs. V. H. Podstala, and Mrs. C. F. Mess.

Miss M. J. Moore was hostess at luncheon at the Hotel Oakland Saturday, in honor of Miss Helen Burnham, of Denver. Among those who have taken up apartments at the Hotel Oakland over the winter are Mr. J. H. Davis, of San Francisco; Mrs. Thos. Boyd, of Los Angeles; B. E. Benckley, Oakland.



Hemenway

MRS. HERMAN HAUSER

Of Los Angeles, who, with Mr. Hauser, is at Byron Hot Springs, near San Francisco, for a fortnight's sojourn



# THAT PEST, THE INTERVIEWER

(Continued from page 16)

who was blonde, shrill, bespectacled and intense, was as determined that he should talk on woman suffrage. So they speared him with their questions—and glared at each other. And Forbes-Robertson saw it all, but he was too courteous to let more than the edge of a twinkle creep into his eyes.

Finally the interviewers prepared to leave. As they did so I stepped forward and asked him to give me a few moments alone. I explained that I wanted a Sunday feature story.

Probably he was tired, for the other interview had been somewhat of a struggle. He had played Hamlet the night before and he certainly looked thin and worn. Yet he only said, "Why certainly, sit you down."

And when the others had gone he lit another cigarette and talked—of England, of his early days on the stage, of Sir Henry Irving, and of the time when he first played Hamlet. And of how he visited Irving after that first performance, and of how Irving said—here he imitated Sir Henry—"My boy, you've done it."

Not so fortunate was a young man I knew who set forth to interview another distinguished Englishman—H. G. Wells. The young man went to see Wells in London. During the interview the fact was brought out that he knew very little about Wells' works. As he asked questions, Wells would reply, "I've answered that in chapter so-and-so of such-and-such a book;" and the young man would make a note. As he was preparing to leave he asked Wells if he would mind glancing over the interview when it was finished, for possible mistakes. The novelist consented.

The young man spent the next several days in carefully going over Wells' books, and culling the bits he wanted. That done he wrote the interview and mailed it to Wells. In a day or two it came back. On the first page Wells had made copious corrections and explanations between the lines and on the margins. On the second and third pages he had done likewise. But his patience gave out on the fourth page, and half way down the corrections stopped and these words were written in a bold hand: "Oh damn!"

It was my misfortune to interview Michael Mordkin soon after his famous separation from Pavlowa. The interview consisted of one short sentence, and he said it. It was never printed.

Mordkin, then, was the best looking of the men dancers. (I hope Mr. Shawn will not take offense.) With Pavlowa he was wonderful; but surely he suffered more than she by their separation. He was never the same dancer afterward, while she went on quite easily without him.

The separation spoiled Mordkin's disposition for weeks. During that time I tried to approach him. It was back of the stage after a matinee. Mordkin had just changed to his street clothes, and his press agent was cautioning me in hectic whispers for the love of Heaven not to mention Pavlowa during the interview. Mordkin came slowly toward us and the press agent stepped forward and mentioned my errand. Mordkin, petulant, a slouch hat pulled low over his eyes,—he is not nearly as good

looking in civilized garb as he is partially draped in a tiger skin—eyed the tip of his cane. Then, "Me no want to talk to newspaper man," he said, and bolted.

I read the other day that Bernhardt is starting her tenth American tour. Valiant Bernhardt, how she must save herself these days in her work, giving only her best in white flashes, rare moments of electrifying acting.

I remember one afternoon in a hotel drawing-room several years ago. It was during Bernhardt's latest "last visit". A group of newspaper people stood about talking to William Connor, her manager. We had just recovered from passing young Mr. Lou Tellegen in the hallway outside—young Mr. Tellegen in quite the most radical Parisian clothes in the world. Suddenly Bernhardt entered swiftly, hand outstretched. After greetings she sank into a deep chair.

She looked little, but she is really rather tall. And her face looked small and sharp to me, though other people have told me that she has rather a large face.

One newspaperman did the talking for our group. He was a stout man and he wore brown socks with black shoes, and sat on the edge of his chair, and asked inane questions. Bernhardt talked rather slowly in her recently-acquired English. And occasionally she stopped, lips parted, hunting for the right word. When she didn't find it she would break into French.

It was not what she said that I remember. That didn't amount to much—just everyday, expected sort of things about dear America, and being glad to get back, and about the lovely flowers that someone had sent her. The flowers were in a bowl beside her. It was the little silken way she dropped her words that stood out; and her brilliantly rouged lips, her smoothed face, and her wrinkled, old, old hands.

I thought no one else could talk like Bernhardt, but a short time after the interview I saw a girl at an art students' ball "live" the Bernhardt voice, gestures, the soft slownesses of speech, the sudden, vivid quickening—all.

Recently I read where someone spoke of Bernhardt as "an old lady". I could never think of her in that way. I can think of her as old, yes, with the oldness of a figure in a French tapestry; or as a painted woman; or as a voice of incredible sadness; or as a child, but never as an old lady.

## ST. AGNES SCHOOL

THE modern school is distinct, both in method and application. It is therefore distinct from the old regime in the results obtained. More and more, with the progress of educational methods, efficiency has become the watchword. The curriculum of both the lower and upper schools includes art, French, music, physical training, social etiquette, and domestic science. The kindergarten is a separate department. Boys are admitted here, and are offered studies in reading, simple hand-craft, memory culture, and gardening. Mrs. Mark Rice, the principal of St. Agnes, has offered in her school an opportunity for individual development and expression.

WAR has created an exceptional demand for Photographs.

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# THE WEEK IN SOCIETY

THE women of the Los Angeles chapter of the Red Cross have laid out a pretentious program; and it is really wonderful what driving energy these patriotic and indefatigable workers have developed. Within a year the work of the chapter has grown by leaps and bounds; and now that their accomplishments may be unhampered in every way, these enthusiastic women have decided to eliminate so far as possible the individual personnel connected with names and deeds, thus avoiding any or all self-aggrandizement. In the gift shop, which it is hoped will be opened soon, opportunity will be given everyone to help; and it is urgently asked that contributions of old jewelry, antiques, and in fact every sort of salable article be given to the cause. There have been many and various gifts donated already; among them an old and valuable horse-drawn brougham, costing several thousand dollars; several valuable paintings, and from one of the Red Cross workers a unique gold ring with a clasp attachment for holding the dainty pointlace handkerchief.

Even live stock will be acceptable, although an offer of two lively "piggies" had to be rejected, temporarily, the other day, owing to the fact there was no sty available for them. The old-fashioned brougham, will sell perhaps to one of the big film corporations, since it will be an invaluable asset for use in romance pictures. But the crying need of the Red Cross chapter, just now, is for new headquarters in the down town district. A building is needed which will give large ground floor space, sufficient in size to accommodate the Shop. If possible there should be a balcony for the offices and store-rooms. The present location must be relinquished very shortly; and so the appeal is made for new headquarters, which it is hoped, can be given for the permanent use, if possible, during the war. Mrs. J. M. Danziger has patriotically presented the old Canfield home at Seventh and Alvarado to the local chapter for use during the period of the war; and preparations are now under way for moving into this commodious residence, where certain branches of the work can be more effectively carried on. The Red Cross began with a few active members and has since developed into twenty of more chapters, with any number of auxiliaries. But the need for more active workers is urgent. Every one is asked to lend a helping hand to this splendid cause, both by active participation, and by giving such financial support as is possible.

Mrs. Henry Henderson returned to Los Angeles recently after an extended visit in New York. She was away about ten months, and is planning to go East again soon.

After a summer's vacation on their father's ranch, in San Fernando Valley, Masters Edward Thomas and Richard Dillon, and their sister, Mary Dillon, the three children of Dr. and Mrs. E. T. Dillon of Los Angeles, are at home again, preparatory to taking up their school studies.

Several members of the younger set were entertained recently at a house party given at Santa Monica with Mrs. Edward H. Mullen as chaperone. In the party were Miss Adelaide Bundy, Miss Georgette Mullen, Miss Frances de Kay, Miss Marion Isabel Taylor, Miss Elsie Bennett and Miss Helen Moles. Beach suppers, wiener-roasts, boating, and dancing formed the program for the evening's entertainment.

Mrs. Garret L. Hogan, of Los Angeles, is at La Jolla for a short while. She will return home about September 15.

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Koebig, who have been passing a month at Hermosa Beach, have returned to Los Angeles. Mr. Koebig is slowly recovering from a serious accident, which he met with several weeks ago. Mr. and Mrs. A. H.

Koebig, Jr., and their baby, who were guests of the former's father and mother at the beach, have also returned to Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. Wellington S. Morse and their daughter, Miss Anne Morse have been passing the summer at East Newport beach and only recently returned to Los Angeles. Wednesday of last week Mrs. Morse and her daughter left for the east, where Miss Morse will resume her studies at Miss Masters' school, at Dobbs Ferry, New York. Mr. Morse plans to join them later.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Baldwin, the latter formerly Miss Jane Richardson, have returned to Los Angeles from their honeymoon trip to the north and are domiciled temporarily at the home of Mrs. Baldwin's mother, Mrs. Davis Richardson. Mrs. Richardson, with her son-in-law and daughter, Dr. and Mrs. Lloyd Mills, are at Hermosa Beach for the summer months.

Mrs. Jaro Von Schmidt, of Los Angeles, is visiting in Tacoma, Washington, the guest of Mrs. John Scott, and has been the inspiration for many social affairs. Recently she was a guest in the home of Mrs. Philip Fisher, of Seattle, and while there, was the honored guest at a beautifully appointed luncheon given at the Seattle Country Club by Mrs. Henry Carstens.

Mrs. George Goldsmith, of Los Angeles, left for the East Tuesday of last week. She will visit in Chicago, Cleveland, Philadelphia, Washington, D. C. and en route home will stop off at Denver. Mrs. Goldsmith plans to be away until October.

Lieutenant and Mrs. Karl V. Morin have been visiting with the former's father and mother, Dr. and Mrs. S. W. Morin, at their home in Pasadena Avenue, Los Angeles. Lieutenant Morin recently graduated from Berkeley and since then entered the training camp at the Presidio. He is now assigned to service in the reserve Coast Artillery, stationed at Fort Mac Arthur, and with his wife he will occupy a bungalow near the fort. Mrs. Morin formerly was Miss Ethel Hall of St. Louis.

Mrs. Leslie C. Brand has returned to Glendale after having passed several weeks at Hotel Virginia, Long Beach. She is planning to return again to the Virginia the later part of this month, for another brief stay.

Mrs. R. W. Craig was hostess at dinner the other evening, at the Hotel Virginia, entertaining in honor of four of the naval reserve boys: Messrs. Walter Hush, Jerd Sullivan, Jack Craig, and Horrell Goldersino. Other invited guests were Mrs. Dick Roberts, Mrs. C. M. Washburn, Miss Kitty Craig and Mr. Craig. Miniature sailor-figures, and other favors suggestive of the life at San Pedro decorated the table.

Miss Dorothy Lindley, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Walter Lindley, who has been away for a short visit, returned to Los Angeles Saturday.

Mrs. Russell Taylor of Los Angeles entertained with a luncheon Thursday of last week, complimenting Mrs. John P. Jones, who is leaving this week for a trip East. Others invited were Mrs. Hancock Banning, Mrs. Samuel Storrow, of Pasadena, Mrs. W. A. Edwards, Mrs. Mary Morris, and Mrs. Edwin T. Earl.

Mrs. Rea Smith, who with her two sons, Everst and Gordon has been passing the last two months in Inverness, Marin County, returned to Los Angeles, last week. Dr. Rea is physician in charge of the Los Angeles naval base, and in connection with his work made a trip to San Francisco quite recently. He too, however, is home again.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Weeks Banks have returned to Los Angeles after a brief sojourn at Idlewild.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hervey Pettingell have returned to Los Angeles after a visit of a week or ten days in San Diego.



Hcover

MRS. ALEXANDER B. BARRET

After an interesting Alaskan Trip, is again domiciled at the Los Angeles Country Club until she takes possession of her Hollywood home



# PLAYS AND PLAYERS

**T**HE newcomers at the Orpheum this week are welcome. The Chung-Hwa Chinese Four, have, as stated, something to do with comedy and fun.

It is a real Chinese quartet too, with the exception of the lad that comes from Ireland and the boy that hails from Honolulu. But after all, two out of four is as near any quartet comes to or from anything. It is worth the price of admission to hear a Chink sing a Scotch ballad in Pidgin English. The little Hawaiian tenor has a beautiful voice, and plays the guitar exquisitely a la Waikiki. Edwin House acts like a trained bear on good behaviour; and he poses and struts just as much as if he could really sing. There is always something pathetic about a concert-singer in vaudeville; for it generally means either a has-been or a can't-be. House is an example of the latter type. However, he should be commended for his choice of songs; for Bruno Huhn and Sidney Homer are rarely heard in vaudeville by ballad-singers, as they prefer something about the green house with the red shutters in the pines, or tell-mother-to-kiss-her-boy cause-he's-hern, and so on ad nauseam. Lew Brice and the Barr Twins win the honors this week. Lew is the most artistic eccentric dancer, that I have ever seen, and he far surpasses Pat Rooney and the wriggling-jiggling-gol-durn-wiggling George M. His songs are excellent, also, and his enunciation is a positive delight after the tin-panny, nasal, word-slurring howlers that generally attempt to sing with a dancing stunt. The Barr Twins are a little on the style of the Dolly sisters; and they dance delightfully and wear some stunning costumes. The Egyptian dance is splendid, and the setting superb; but I preferred their first number, when they appeared in taupe gowns, that illustrated the high cost of low gowns, better than it did the low cost of high gowns. Harry Gerard and Company offer a combination of poor musical comedy and cheap melodrama called "The Wail of an Eskimo". Joseph Miller's work as an Eskimo is equally artistic and eccentric; and it is the only thing about "The Wail" that is worth while. Cain-Brown has a voice that is as powerful as, and not in the least unlike, a factory-siren. I mean the one on the roof, not the one that cans the tomatoes. Rita Boland is delightful; and after Brice and the Barr Twins, does the best bit of work on the programme. Without sacrificing originality she reminds one of Irene Franklin and Elsie Janis. She has the personality and charm, and her work as the passee chorus-girl, and the tough sou-brette, is inimitable. This week's offering at the Orpheum is well worth while; and Harry B. Tooner and Company, and Hamilton and Barnes are surely worth seeing a second time. W. V. W.

**K**ISSES will be in order at the Orpheum for the week of Monday Sept. 10. Kisses will be free for the asking, after one secures admission; for "Kisses" is the headline act of the week, and William Gaxton is its star. No kisses will be wasted, however, for the pretty girls with Mr. Gaxton, kiss him alone, and he is the only favored one. It's a lively little play, and in it Gaxton reaches the real heights of a light comedian. A feature of the coming week is the first presentation on any stage of three new Denishawn dances, by Ruth St. Denis and Ted Shawn, who proffer them under the general title of "The Zodiac," with a large company of the Denishawn girls portraying them. "The Zodiac,"

in which most interest is set, is an exhibit of the movements of the planets about the sun, and of the signs of the circles of the heavens; all, except the sun, being pictured by Denishawn girls. Following there is a solo dance, and then a second ensemble, "Prima Vera," a dream of beauty. But for singular concept, daring originality, and far-reaching execution, "The Zodiac" is beyond compare. The costumery, the scenery, and the lighting effects are dazzling, and the whole is the best evolution yet of the combined Denishawn genius.

Ralph Dunbar's Maryland Singers include a quartette of feminine charmers garbed in, and singing songs of, the sixties period, with a lone, male-banjoist. Charles Olcott has a positive novelty, a one-man comic opera, wherein he plays orchestra, principals, and chorus. The bill also retains Lew Brice and the Barr Twins, Harry Girard and Co., Edwin House, in new numbers, and Rita Boland, also in new material.

**A**NOTHER big Standard production from the Fox Company opened a limited engagement at Miller's Theater yesterday. It is the seven reel picturization of George Bronson-Howard's story "The Spy", a terrific and all explaining expose of the methods of the German Secret agents in this country. Dustin Farnum portrays a young American who goes to Germany on a perilous diplomatic mission. His task is to get control of a list of Teutonic spies in the United States, and before he quits he has achieved his purpose.

**T**HE attraction at the Mason Opera House next week will be the powerful melodrama, "The Knife," by Eugene Walters. To tell the story of the plot would be to spoil those fundamental elements of the drama—surprise and suspense, which go so far to create enjoyment for an audience. We may say, however, that it concerns a Virginia heiress, the fiancée of a great physician, who comes to New York to marry him, and disappears. How she is found, the revenge of the doctor on those responsible for her disappearance, and her indirect help in making his greatest discovery, form the skeleton of the play. The prelude opens on the girl's home in Virginia, and in it one learns of her engagement and her plans for a trip to New York. Act 1. takes place in a lawyer's office in the metropolis. Act 2 is staged in the house of a supposed fortune-teller; and the last act discovers a setting in the doctor's office. The second act is full of thrills. The curtain rises on a dark stage and two men enter with electric flashlights; the only lights on the stage for the most of the act. The men speak in husky whispers the while they flash their lanterns back and forth across the stage,

upstairs and down, in and out of doors. One of them mounts the stairs and by the aid of his light we see him drive before him a man and woman, blindfolded and gagged. They are locked in a room, and later are brought out for examination. The bandages are removed and during the ordeal the audience is informed, by the lights again, that the man is a drug-fiend. His face is yellow, and contorted with terror—not a pleasant sight. This same drug fiend does some wonderful things with his voice before this act, and during the rest of the play. The cast will include Norman Hackett, May Buckley, Eva Benton, Cordelia MacDonald, Frank Wood, Franklin George, and several other celebrities.



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## THE ZODIAC

Striking New Presentation at The Orpheum by the Famous  
Denishawn Dancers



# THE WEEK IN SOCIETY

SANTA Catalina Island has come back into its own again as a rendezvous for the vacationists.

Not for several seasons past has that picturesque pleasure resort attracted so great a throng from Southern California as it has this season. And now, with summer nearing its close, the influx to the Island has taken on a new impetus, and every available accommodation is in demand. September promises to be as popular a month there as were July and August. Probably there is no more ideal place in the world for swimming and boating than at Catalina, with its small bays sheltered from the breakers of the surf. Within the last fortnight many prominent people have been passing their time there. Mr. and Mrs. Hancock Banning, who have leased their Los Angeles home on West Adams street to Baron and Baroness de Ropp for the winter, are enjoying the Island, as are the Joseph Bannings. Mr. and Mrs. Jack Jevne, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Braly and son, John, and Mr. and Mrs. Frank K. Rule, all of Los Angeles, made up a jolly party at the Island Villa for a week or ten days. Mr. and Mrs. Victor Stewart were also visitors. Mrs. Stewart will be remembered as Miss Jane Campbell, of Los Angeles. Mr. and Mrs. Stewart were also domiciled at the Island Villa and with them were Mrs. Stewart's sister, Mrs. Benjamin Harwood, and the latter's two children. Mrs. Thomas Lee Woolwine and son, Mr. and Mrs. William Irving Hollingsworth, Mr. and Mrs. Mendel Myers, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph F. Sartori, the E. T. Earls and their children, and Mr. and Mrs. Harry Hollabird and children have enjoyed some time at the Island recently. The Hollabirds, who have been enjoying a cottage there during a part of the season, returned to Los Angeles a week ago, and the friends who made up Jack Jevne's party also have returned to the mainland. Mr. and Mrs. Jefferson Chandler plan to pass a part of the month of September there, but at present are paying Los Angeles a fortnight's stay. They have with them the four attractive children of Mr. and Mrs. Fowler Shankland, while Mr. and Mrs. Shankland are making a two weeks' trip to Tahoe with the Curtis Williams.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander B. Barret have returned to Los Angeles from Alaska, and are again domiciled at the Los Angeles Country Club. Their home in Orchard avenue is being occupied by Geraldine Farrar, but Mr. and Mrs. Barret plan to take possession about November. En route home, the Barrets visited Yellowstone Park, and several of the northern cities. They were away two months.

One of the visitors in California for several weeks past has been Miss Evangeline Perry, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. Perry, of Albuquerque, N. M. Miss Perry attended the girls' Collegiate school in Los Angeles, from which she graduated last year. Mr. Perry is in government service among the Indians, and much of Miss Perry's time has been passed in Washington D. C. She is visiting in Riverside for a fortnight before returning to her home in New Mexico.

Mrs. Daniel Hunsaker and her three children are occupying a cottage at Coronado for a month. She is entertaining as her guests Mrs. John L. Richardson of Los Angeles, and her small son, Master Jack Richardson.

Mr. and Mrs. George Nathaniel Whiting, of Los Angeles, were recent guests at Hotel del Coronado for the week-end. As Miss Mildred Wellborn, daughter of Judge and Mrs. Charles Wellborn, this bride of last winter was exceedingly popular among the younger set of Los Angeles. Her marriage to the younger of the two Whiting boys interfered with plans for a formal debut, but as a bride, Mrs. George Whiting has been the recipient of many social courtesies and apparently did not miss that busy round of gaities which are so essential a part of a debutante's first season.

Miss Florence Parmalee has returned to her home, Oak Knoll, Pasadena, after a visit of several weeks

in Raymond, Washington, where she visited her sister, Mrs. Clara P. Knight.

Mrs. M. W. Neal, of Los Angeles, entertained Thursday evening at an informal dancing party complimenting Miss Peggy Erkes and Miss Emma Crandage, who are leaving soon for their home in Glasgow, Scotland. En route home Miss Crandage and Miss Erkes will visit friends at Jacksonville, Florida.

Mrs. S. W. Viall, of Beverly Hills, left a week ago for an extended eastern trip. Miss Valois Viall recently returned from San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Rufus Spalding, of Pasadena, entertained a few friends at dinner recently, their



Hoover

## MISS PHYLLIS BEVERIDGE

One of Hollywood's attractive debutants, who, since her graduation from Bishop's School at La Jolla, has been a most enthusiastic Red Cross worker

guests including Mrs. James Soutter Porter, Mrs. William Drummond, Mr. Edwin Peterson and Mr. Lloyd Macy.

Miss Gwendolyn Laughlin has returned to Los Angeles after a two months' visit in the East. She was accompanied by Mrs. William Bernard, of Philadelphia, who will be her guest during the winter. Mrs. Bernard has passed several seasons in Los Angeles and a host of friends welcome her visit each winter.

Miss Eleanor Cole, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Seward Cole, of Colegrove, returns this week from Santa Barbara, where she has been the house guest of Miss Geraldine Graham, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Miller Graham, whose home, Bellosguardo, on Booth's Point, is one of the show places

of that vicinity. In honor of Miss Cole, Miss Geraldine Graham entertained with a prettily appointed tea-dansant, a number of the members of the younger set being invited for the occasion.

Mr. and Mrs. Herman J. Hauser, of Los Angeles, are leaving this week for the Byram Hot Springs, near San Francisco. They are making the trip for Mr. Hauser's benefit, and plan to be away about three weeks.

Among the South Pasadenaans, who have returned home from their summer vacation trips, are Mr. and Mrs. Richard Lacy. Mr. and Mrs. Lacy and their family have been making an extended visit in the northern part of the state. After a pleasant stay at Catalina, Mrs. Edward Fisher Hobert, and her daughters, Misses Irene Salisbury and Ruth Salisbury have returned home.

Captain Harry Turner, of Los Angeles, has been ordered to Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, for which post he left this week, accompanied by Mrs. Turner. Captain and Mrs. Turner have been passing a greater part of the summer at Del Mar, where they were domiciled at the Colonial Cottage, on Stratford Way.

In honor of Frederick Villiers, the distinguished war-correspondent of London, England, who is in Southern California for a brief stay, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Storow, of Pasadena, entertained Sunday of last week with an elaborate reception. Many were invited in to meet Mr. Villiers, who has the distinction of having reported every war in the last thirty-five years, for the London Times, and for the Illustrated News.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Farquhar have returned to Santa Monica after a month in New York. During the time that Mr. and Mrs. Farquhar were away their home was occupied by the latter's mother, Mrs. John P. Jones. Mrs. Jones is now in Los Angeles and is again at home to her friends at the Darby.

Mrs. Henry Engelbrecht, of the Palisades, Santa Monica, accompanied by her daughter, Felicia and son, Roy, is passing a few weeks at the country home of Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Gorham, near Nordhoff.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Cook, of Los Angeles, are leaving soon for San Francisco, where Mr. Cook is to take charge of the Crocker estate. Mrs. Cook, before her marriage was Miss Virginia Johnson. She is the youngest of the three daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Cail B. Johnson of Los Angeles.

Miss Gertrude Chamberlin, who has been visiting for several months in Santa Monica, the house guest of the Misses McCall, has returned to her home in Texas. Miss Chamberlin, who came to Southern California to be maid of honor at the wedding of Miss Joan McCall and Mr. Gilbert Proctor, July 3, remained over until after the wedding of Miss Allison McCall and Lieutenant Donald H. Brown, of Minneapolis.

Miss Hazel Graham, daughter of Senator F. L. Graham, of New Concord, Ohio, is visiting in Los Angeles, the guest of Miss Helen Rader. Miss Rader is planning a series of pretty affairs in honor of her guest.

Mrs. John Grosse of Pasadena, and her daughters Misses Florence and Irene Grosse, have returned home after a visit in San Francisco. The Misses Grosse, who are extremely popular both in Los Angeles and Pasadena society, passed the greater part of the summer at Coronado and Long Beach, where they took an active part in the social life of the beach cities.

Miss Phyllis Beveridge, daughter of Mr. Philo J. Beveridge, of Hollywood, returned a few days ago from a trip to Honolulu. Miss Beveridge was accompanied on the trip by her sister, Mrs. Wilbur Campbell. Mrs. Campbell was formerly Miss Marion Beveridge.

Mrs. Michael J. Connell is home again in Los Angeles, after a delightful visit of several weeks as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. William A. Clark at their ranch home in Montana.



# SOME RECENT BOOKS

By JO NEELY

*"A good book steals the mind from vain pretences  
From wicked cogitations and offences;  
It makes us know the world's deceiving pleasures,  
And set our hearts on never, never-ending treasures.  
So when thieves steal our cattle, coin or ware,  
It makes us see how mutable they are;  
Puts us in mind that we should put our trust  
Where felon cannot steal or canker rust."*

THE MAILS of the book vendor are heavy. these early autumn days, with announcements of many books; the publishers were never so busy, judging from the sheaves of letters which daily find their way to our desks; books grave and gay, large and small, books from the pens of pacifists; books full of war and its rumors. Methinks Solomon would be sadly put to it for language in which to adequately describe his feelings anent the making of them, should he find himself again in our midst. One book of especial interest which will reach us within the next fortnight, will be from the press of Houghton, Mifflin Co., and from the pen of James Willard Schultz. The title, "The Gold Cache," proclaims it another story of Indian life and, to the readers of previous books, that leaves nothing to be desired.

Few literary discoveries in America for many years have had a more popular appeal than the Indian books of Mr. Schultz; absorbing in interest, authentic in narrative, almost magically colorful in description, fascinating beyond the telling in a legendary way, they are destined to live through time and change.

"My Life As An Indian," which was first published in 1906, is an extraordinary human document in which the author has penetrated the racial indifference, and gotten close to the hearts and lives of the people of whom he writes, giving their true history, which abounds in picturesque romance.

Mr. Schultz's own life has probably been, however, of far greater interest and variety, and more fraught with romance, than is dreamed of by his friends and acquaintances who know only his quiet, gentle manner and kindly smile; but more than twenty years of his life were lived with the Blackfeet tribe, as he was adopted by them when a small lad, married an Indian maiden when he was still very young, and for years lived, hunted, and fought with them on the buffalo-covered plains of the West. The injustice from which the Indians have suffered has been keenly felt by him, and a poignant note of haunting sadness is felt in many of his stories. Mr. Schultz has not neglected the boys and girls in the books he has given to the world and they will find "With the Indians in the Rockies," "Sinopah, the Indian Boy," and "The Quest of the Fish Dog," full of wonderful thrills. The excellent illustrations, which enhance his books, add to their charm; and especially is that the case with "The Blackfeet Tales of Glacier National Park," in which the photographic work is superb. Mr. and Mrs. Schultz are now living in South Pasadena.

FULL many of the weeks and months in this work-a-day "Book World" seem to contain more prose than poetry, more tumult than contentment; but occasionally there comes a red-letter day which brings to us a touch proving that "Art is not dead," and that the old time bibliophile is still abroad in the land. Witness the following:

DEAR MISS NEELY:—

So you think one who likes "The Digit of the Moon" should read Prof.

Bain's new book. But can one find in "The Livery of Eve" another tired Twashiri who, while he is resting, will brew for you a cup so inscrutable that though it makes you drunk with delight, still keeps you sufficiently sober to enjoy it? Don't you like the sort of friend who, when your library table groans under the weight of new books, will reopen for you an old one filled with frankincense and myrrh, and with Vivien's whose eyes "— make a fuel of the night?" If one must read the new books, then by all means let us have a bit of spicy biography mixed with the war bread staples. Such a bit has been prepared by Winifred Stephens, writer and lecturer in French history and literature, editor of "The Book of France," "The Soul of Russia," author of "Margaret of France," translator from the French of Anatole France, of "La Vie de Jeanne d'Arc," in two volumes. Miss Stephens' new biography is most opportune, and must add a little to the gaiety of those nations that are now—no, not living, but dying in a welter of tragedy. It is entitled "Madame Adam, (Juliette Lamber) La Grande Francaise, from Louis Philippe until

1917." Miss Stephens has what we may call a "keen sense" for "news values." In a specially notable passage of her book, she has George Sand, Dumas, Flaubert, and the De Goncourts at dinner. Madame Sand's new friend, Juliette, is introduced, and Dumas scoffs at the idea that one so young, and with such beauty and charm, should become a writer and a *bas bleu*. "He believed," as he put it, "that she had something better to do." "Il faut aimer, aimer, aimer," he cried; and Flaubert and the de Goncourts repeated, "Il faut aimer." "To learn that, gentlemen, I have not waited for your words of wisdom," replied Juliette. "I love to love whom I love, and he whom I love, loves to see me write."

"The fool!" cried Dumas. "What an extraordinary idea!" exclaimed Mme. Sand, "to attempt to prove in my presence that a woman who is a writer cannot love!"

"Who will write the biographies of our 'Great Salonnières?'" Some native Californians have their salons abroad, but too little is known of them. One has in mind such a salon in Petrograd which, before the great war, must have been the scene of much gaiety—and the resort of the wits and beaux of Russian society. This salon was presided over by Madame Margaret Barry, a Californian, recently a visitor to her native state in behalf of the Russian refugee children. The friends of Madame Margaret Barry-Carver, as she is

now known, will remember her as a protegee of Mme. Modjeska. As a young artist she had an ambition to be a singer, but her singing voice failed in the early part of her career, and she became an elocutionist and dramatic reader. Her professional duties carried her abroad, and in European capitals she added to her fame and culture and was the recipient of many honors before she settled in Petrograd, about eight years ago. One would like to read her autobiography, and perhaps she will thus honor us some day. At the present time she is using her voice to good purpose in lectures on Russia's part in the war, and on the modern Russian theater. Those who have heard her agree that her speaking voice has not suffered from the accidents of time and that the music of it is such as must have—

*"Charm'd magic casements, opening on the foam  
Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn."*

W. V. W.

Such rare bits of real literature in letter form should not be lost because of being personal, and I am sure my readers will be glad that I have passed on this charming effusion.



"STABS-BY-MISTAKE" AND "SUN WOMAN"

Character study used in illustration by the well-known author of Indian books, Mr. Schultz



## SOME RECENT BOOKS

WITHIN the last fifteen years painting, sculpture, music, and poetry have been subjected to most undignified liberties. Free verse (which by the way is more free than it is verse) comes to us from the French. It is the outcome of a tendency to break away from convention. So was pre-Raphaelism. The pre-Raphaelite movement resulted in much beautiful and extremely colorful painting. But, alas, the free verse movement has not been nearly so happy in its results. French poetry is more conventional than English, and therefore one may excuse an attempt on the part of the French poets to break away from what, in many instances, is ridiculous convention. French prose is far more poetic than English, and the more poetic the prose of a language, the less poetic its poetry; because the line of demarcation is less evident. In truth, there are a good many drawbacks to French poetry; but of course no loyal Frenchman would admit this. In the first place the poetry of France has that hideous thing known as the rhyme for the eye. In French, *épouvante* rhymes with *de clarte*. Phonologically the accented and unaccented *e* cannot rhyme, and the final syllable of the one is identical with the other. Theoretically identical syllables are perfect rhymes, but the ear is so constructed that it can make no distinction; therefore this eye-rhyme is a poor thing at best. Just such a thing as this lack of sonority led certain poets to break away from convention. We must have a great deal of sympathy for them. Besides, the iconoclasts, Paul Fort and Francis James, wrote beautiful verse; and the fact that it was free from convention did not detract from it in the least. America, quick to grasp at an innovation, took free verse and made of it a nightmare. Unmindful of a *raison d'être*, Edgar Lee Masters and Amy Lowell published some monstrous stuff that they dared to call poetry. Masters has paraded his sex-complex under the protection of the muse, and Lowell her grotesqueries with the same protection. Of course the ignorant public swallows all this and howls "genius". The critics praise, willing to be called high priests of the new verse, in hopes that the public will realize how superior they are (the critics) to the hoi polloi. The critics kowtow, and the public swallows; and what a mighty laugh must shake Amy, and how Edgar must shrill. The people are hoaxed and cheated into believing that near-art is art. Too truly does Edwin Arlington Robinson write that, "Romance is on the town, and Art a vagrant."

But fortunately all free verse is not as Edgar and Amy would have it. There are still some poets that insist upon beauty, even though they decide to break away from form. One of these is Richard Aldington. Here is an example of his free verse:

"They may have torn the gold tethins  
From my hair;  
And wrenched the bronze sandals  
From my ankles.

They have taken from me my friend  
Who knew the holy wisdom of poets,  
Who had drunk at the feast  
Where Simonides sang.

Here there are no flowers to love;  
But afar off I dream that I see  
Bent poppies and the deathless  
asphodel."

This is glowing poetry, in spite of the fact that it is free verse. It shows what may be done with the new medium. Aldington has not prostituted his talent for the sake of astonishing the public. He has not sacrificed sweetness for love of the jar and crash of cymbals. Although good may come from it, is there any real necessity for breaking away from the convention of English poetry? Is not our versification rich enough to warrant its continuance? Why break a convention? when we have poetry as beautiful as the following written under that convention:

"The slender acacia would not shake  
One long milk-bloom on the tree;  
The white lake-blossom fell into the lake  
As the pimpernel dozed on the lea;  
But the rose was awake all night for  
your sake,  
Knowing your promise to me;  
The lilies and roses were all awake,  
They sighed for the dawn and thee."

Since it looks as if the fact were likely to be forgotten, perhaps it will not come amiss to remind the reading public that Alfred Tennyson could write poetry.

SCIENCE and learning in France," compiled by "America's Scholars", is in many respects a disappointing work. Although the book is fairly complete when it comes to great Frenchmen, past and present, it does not give enough detail concerning these men and their work. Strange as it may seem, the great value of the work lies in the appendix, which is divided into three parts. Part One deals with the educational advantages for American students in France, with a history of the recent changes in its university system. In this section many facts that are most valuable for the student intending to study in France, are given. Part Two deals with the institutions of higher learning; their organization, degrees, requirements, and fees. This section gives a carefully prepared list of all of the French Universities, their administration, and the most famous fields of study of each one, and the meaning and value of their progress. This data will prove a boon to any person that expects to take a French degree. Part Three of the appendix deals with practical suggestions to the intending graduate student. Any person going abroad should acquaint himself with this section of the book. A work like "Science and Learning in France" would be welcome at any time; but now that we are allied with France, any book that throws light on any phase of French life is doubly welcome. (SCIENCE AND LEARNING IN FRANCE by American Scholars. The Society for American Fellowships in French Universities.)

IF "MAG PYE" had been signed William J. Locke, instead of Bettina von Hutton, I doubt if a single reader would have even remarked upon the change of style. We have in this book the typical Locke plot, characters, descriptions, and whimsicalities. I do not mean to imply that Bettina von Hutton has not a style of her own, for she has,

and a remarkably good one at that. Those who have read "Sharrow" will not forget it readily. "Mag Pye" is an exceptionally interesting and well written novel. The child Mag is as delightful as Frank Danby's Sally Snape. Mag at eleven is fat. Now for some reason or other we do not look for very much individuality in fat children. For some reason or other fat children are supposed to be dull. Mag is certainly an exception. There are so many interesting characters in "Mag Pye" that it is hard to tell which interests the most. The book is most decidedly well worth while. (MAG PYE by Bettina von Hutton. D. Appleton and Co.)

"THE Chosen People", by Sidney L. Nyburg, lacks conviction. It is much too inactive and labored a novel, dragging drearily and heavily over some three hundred and fifty pages, without a single life-like character in them. The Rabbi is dogmatic and conventional; and David Gordon is a phantasy rather than a flesh-and-blood lawyer. The book is neither realistic nor gripping, and it is

commonplace and disappointing. (THE CHOSEN PEOPLE by Sidney L. Nyburg. J. B. Lippincott Company.)

A BOOK written by John Masefield ought to be both well-written and artistic. This is certainly true of "Lost Endeavor". Mr. Masefield knows more about the sea than any other present day writer, with the possible exception of Joseph Conrad. Mr. Masefield, to my way of thinking, is the biggest writer of the day, and tops his profession in three fields; drama, fiction, and poetry. He is a careful workman, and something of a stylist; and his latest book should become as popular a boyhood classic as "Treasure Island". Whenever I read a particularly fine novel, I look for the name of Macmillan and seven times out of ten find it. This house is publishing the best poetry of the day, and in psychology it is unsurpassed. A firm that gives the world so much valuable literature is an institution, and its readers should be commended for their careful, thoughtful, and knowing reading. (LOST ENDEAVOR by John Masefield. Macmillan Co.)

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IF THERE is anything beneath the shining canopy which makes us even sadder than to discover that our "cake is dough", it is to find our pet hero is, alas, possessed of "feet of clay;" and if perchance, the mission of the hero be to create literary heroes (and heroines) one's grief is very poignant indeed. It would be, perhaps, unfair to pronounce John Galsworthy's late book "Beyond", commonplace; but unquestionably it is a keen disappointment to the lovers of "Fraternity", "The Dark Flower", and various other of his wonderfully wrought novelistic masterpieces. Were Mr. Galsworthy less of an artist, one could more easily forgive his defection, but a weak plot, sensational situations, and a melodramatic denouement are all unworthy of his pen. It is not to be said that the story is without interest. Indeed one follows the fortunes of Gyp's ill-starred marriage, and its tragic aftermath with eager attention, and varied emotions. The characterization for the most part is good. Winton is a real personality with big, fine principals; breaking form ruthlessly in the matter of heart, but in regard to the ethical observance of other forms of life he "accepts and observes every canon of well-bred existence". Gyp is a winning appealing figure, who suffers much from an over intense and super-sensitive nature. Florsen, the violinist, whom Gyp impulsively marries, is a unique contradiction of character, so wonderfully portrayed that even his bizarre weaknesses are interesting. But the story as a whole, seems to be a struggle of minds, souls, and bodies, which fail to find harmony. Let us hope for the return of the erstwhile John Galsworthy. "BEYOND," by John Galsworthy. Charles Scribners' Sons.)

"AFTERNOON", by Emile Verhaeren, has the flamboyant splendor of stained glass. In these poems, love and nature are beautifully blended; and Charles Murphy deserves a great deal of praise for his ability to render the glowing poetry of the French language into glowing poetry in the English. This is by no means as easy as it may seem to the average reader, for esprit Gaulois and Gallicism are not readily turned into English idiom.

*Shadows are lustral in the iris'd dawn;*

*From a branch on high whence a bird  
has fled  
Dew drops tremble and are gone.*

*Purity delicate and fair,  
Beautifies the hour that brings  
Crystal brilliance to the air;  
We hear the sound of water and the  
brush of wings.*

These stanzas illustrate well what I mean by flamboyancy. They are as vivid as the interior of Saint Mark's; they contain an intensity of color; and they are rhapsodical in their exaltation. The final poem, although possessing all of the sadness of autumn, manages to keep the colorful pace set throughout the book.

*"Sunlit Hours," "Hours of Afternoon,"  
Hours superbly now a part of us!  
Your measured pace lights up our  
garden paths,  
Our golden roses kiss you as in pain;  
Summer's dying; autumn comes now  
soon.*

Although Mr. Verhaeren has all of the Latin appreciation of the beautiful, he has put a brake on Gallic voluptuousness. This repression must be Walloon. (AFTERNOON by Emile Verhaeren. The John Lane Company.)

THE "Poems of Charles Warren Stoddard: Poet of the South Seas" are commonplace. They might just as well have been left in the South Seas, for all the stir they are going to make in the world. Mr. Stoddard's poetry is both labored and unmusical.

*"A lark's song rippled in the air,  
With liquid trill that smote the dawn,  
He hastened down the dewy lawn,  
And found the morning breezes fair."*

This stanza is typical of Mr. Stoddard. It starts off well, in spite of the familiar properties—trill and ripple. But would notes as soft as trills and ripples smite the dawn? We need at least a thunderbolt for such a Wagnerian effect. Then the lark hastens down the dewy lawn for all the world like the cook running to kiss the milkman. Why need the lark hasten down the lawn when he can fly? The lark finds the morning breezes fair. This reads like a real-estate ad for a bungalow somewhere near Los Angeles. When one reads such a mediocre book of verse, one forgets de

*mortuis nihil nisi bonum.* (POEMS of Charles Warren Stoddard. The John Lane Company.)

ONE expects any book written by Maurice Hewlett to be well worth while where style is concerned. Mr. Hewlett is today the head of that school founded by Rossetti, and carried on by Oscar Wilde, George Moore and others. Mr. Hewlett's writing is both a curious and satisfactory combination of delicacy and virility. His is the iron hand in the velvet glove. He is a past master in atmosphere; and "The Fool-Errant", "Richard Yea-and-Nay", and "Little Novels of Italy" deserve to go down to posterity. "Thorgils", (Mr. Hewlett's latest book) is lacking in neither atmosphere, nor charm; but it is much ado about little, and it comes as near being a

poor book as a great artist can write. (THORGILS by Maurice Hewlett. Dodd, Mead, and Company.)

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# NOTES AND HALF-NOTES

By. W. FRANCIS GATES

**E**ASTERN factories have more orders for war and peace, than they can fill. Railroads that never made a profit before are paying dividends. Reserves are mounting up in treasuries. Consequently, dividend checks are doubled and quadrupled in size. And the result is that artistic enterprises are well supported in most of our large cities.

Take Minneapolis, for instance, with her flour industry; it means thousands for the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra. Take Bethlehem, Pa., with her steel; it means a Bach Festival. Take Chicago with her stock yards and factories; they mean the North Shore Festival.

In the West we have doubled prices for every pound of ore, every sack of beans, every ton of hay we raise. The West draws its profits from its own resources, and from its stock in eastern concerns. Why, then, should the West be less liberal with its symphony orchestras? Last year, the total amounts subscribed (from \$1000 up) were as follows, in three cities, (subscriptions of less than \$1,000 not counted): Minneapolis, about \$50,000; San Francisco, according to the EXAMINER report, \$8,000; and in Los Angeles, about \$10,000. When one talks about financing symphony orchestras, one must talk in the thousands. It is a rich man's game. It is the contributions of from \$500 to \$5,000 that makes an orchestra possible—not those of \$10 and \$20. Consequently, it remains for the wealthy men and women of Los Angeles to say whether our symphony orchestra shall enter the coming season with ample backing—or shall enter it at all. It does not rest with the musical profession, unfortunately. The professional people have not the money, much as they have the interest, enthusiasm and knowledge. With them it is like the Chinaman—"No have got; how can do?" What the musicians can do is to talk good music, good orchestras; get informed on the latter subject, and talk it unceasingly—talk pleasingly, talk winningly. Especially talk orchestra to the people who do have the money, and who ought to support their local orchestras. Talk to the editors, owners, and publishers of newspapers, urging the aid of the press. Talk orchestra in the musical clubs, especially in the fashionable clubs. Why the latter? True, they may be none too musical—but the women in those clubs have the money; they can interest the head of the family to the use of his check book, even though it be on the condition that he will not have to attend the concerts.

**T**HE Los Angeles Symphony Association has elected as its president a man who is interested in the work of the orchestra as no president of a similar orchestra in the country is interested. The president of such a body generally is a man who is an art dilettante, as in Minneapolis; or one who realizes its value to his city from a commercial, as well as artistic standpoint, but who has no pretensions to musical knowledge, as in San Francisco.

But the new president of the Los Angeles orchestra—G. Allan Hancock—has partaken of its artistic ups and downs, and has come to its assistance in its financial downs. He realizes both the artistic and the financial necessities. He has it in his power to make the orchestra a success; for he can say to men of his financial class that they must join him in keeping up to its high standard an organization which is the pride of musical Los Angeles. He can preach by example.

**T**WO and three years ago, there was considerable uncertainty as to the appearance of some artists announced by Manager Behymer, owing to the fact that their exit from Europe was subject to the uncertain whims of less musical persons with rifles in their hands. But this season they all respond "Here" with alacrity, having kept close to the land where there is

real money in circulation; and a sandwich doesn't consist of the German arrangement of bread card, meat card, bread card.

The organizations and artists on the Philharmonic courses and other concerts about to open the season, include the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra, the Cherniavski trio, Galli-Curci, Isadora Duncan company, Paderewski, Melba, Matzenauer, Ysaye, Gogorza, Godowsky, Zimbalist, Hempel, Karle, Gluck, Bauer, Schumann-Heink, Werrenrath, Fanning, Elman, Jomelli, Ornstein, and Maud Powell. These are arranged into two evening series, one matinee series, one list of vocalists, and another of instrumentalists—the

latter two being student courses at moderate rates. All these, with the usual twenty-five best local concerts of the various orchestras, clubs, and chamber music organizations, certainly will supply all the longings that Los Angeles may have for classic music the coming season.

**A** RECENT visitor in Los Angeles was Mortimer Wilson, formerly the conductor of the symphony orchestra of Atlanta, Georgia. Mr. Wilson first was introduced to the musical public of Los Angeles by Edward Lebegott, four years ago, when the latter programmed some of Wilson's works at the concerts of the People's Orchestra, giving concerts at Temple Auditorium, Sunday afternoons. He was a pupil of Max Reger, one of the best composers Germany has produced in the last half century; and though Reger had a rather contemptuous opinion of Americans in general, he made a favorite pupil of Wilson. Parallel with his activities as an orchestral conductor, he had done a good deal of composition, and his works rank with the best of the later American composers, especially his three trios and his symphony. At present he is located in New York and is editing a valuable series of educational works for the University Publishing Company.



ADOLF TANDLER

Picturesque and D deservedly Popular Conductor of the Los Angeles Symphony Orchestra

**N**IKOLAS Sokoloff, conductor of the Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra, of San Francisco, would like to come to Los Angeles and conduct a concert by an orchestra composed of our symphony players. All right; let him. But as Mr. Sokoloff seems to be a rarer genius in soliciting funds for orchestral support, having a guarantee of \$30,000 from one individual, it might be better to avail ourselves of his persuasive financial talents in the direction of the local millionaires.

**T**HE Schubert Club will be officered by the following, for the coming season: President, Mrs. J. T. Anderson; First Vice-president, Mrs. William Duffield; Second Vice-president, Bessie Fuhrer; Recording Secretary, Roselyn Sargent;

Financial Secretary, Belle N. Hall; Treasurer, Beatrice de Troost. At the heads of the various committees of the club are the following: Drama, Mrs. William H. Anderson, Altruistic, Mrs. G. Hallett Johnson; Composers, Mrs. Wm. Mabey; Critic, Dr. Allison Gaw; Creative, Dr. Margaret La Grange. The club is getting out a booklet descriptive of its various activities.



LOS ANGELES SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

One of the Best Institutions of Southern California, which ought to be Given a Fair Fighting Chance

**M**ANAGER Behymer announces the personnel and repertoire of his "La Scala" opera company, which will reach Los Angeles early in

November. At this writing the company is rehearsing in San Francisco, under Guerrieri, which means that a master hand will be at the director's desk.

The repertoire will include, so the announcement states, the following operas: La Boheme, La Tosca, Mme. Butterfly, Thais, Lucia, Rigoletto, Il Trovatore, Faust, Carmen, Cavalleria Rusticana, Pagliacci, and Maimundis, a new opera by Ulderico Marcelli, which is being given its premier performance by the La Scala company.

The head liner among the principals is Maggie Teyte, who comes here from the City of Mexico. She will sing Marguerite, Mimi, and Butterfly.



# NOTES AND HALF NOTES

Bianca Soroya, Ester Ferrabini and Nina Morgani, sopranos; Gaudenza and Sinagra, tenors; Pietro Valle and Carl Formes, and Viglione, baritones, with a large chorus and orchestra.

MRS. L. J. SELBY will guide the musical destinies of the Friday Morning Club the coming season. For two years Mrs. James G. Ogilvie has arranged the musical programs given by and for the club; and has presented a number of local and visiting artists. Mrs. Selby has had such a wide experience in musical matters, especially as a concert artist, that she has the necessary judgment for providing a valuable educational menu. For an early program

she has in view a recital by Sir Edward Baxter Perry, who is expected to tour the coast this fall and winter. Perry secured his title through his French decoration. He is a wonderful man, having given 3,500 recitals all over the country; and, though blind, always travels without an attendant.

WILLIAM REHER has decided that a theater orchestra in the hand is better than a symphony in the bush. So he has forsaken his hopes of leading the Los Angeles Symphony orchestra and has taken the position of leading violinist for the Robinson Crusoe, Jr., company. Mr. and Mrs. Reher formerly played at Hotel Green, Pasadena.

## WHEN THE FROST IS ON THE HIGHBALL

WHEN the frost is on the highball and the julep is in hock,  
When you have to keep your "licker" well protected under lock;  
When the corkscrew's out of fashion and the mint bed's gone to grass,  
And a sip of soda water is the strongest stuff they pass—  
Oh, the time is then a feller 'bout the last of old July  
Will be chasin' in a circle with his tongue a-hangin' dry,  
As he starts out for his toddy and discovers with a shock  
That the frost is on the highball and the julep is in hock.

Farewell to "mornin's mornin'" and to "night caps," too, farewell;  
Farewell to days of frolic and to nights of raisenel;  
The stubble in the rye patch and it's still around the still,  
And the glasses' clink is mournful as the wailin' whip-poor-wills;  
The colonel's up agin it and his spirits sink because  
The sinkin' down of spirits is now agin the laws;  
He'll still dream of his toddy, but he'll wake up with a shock  
When the frost is on the highball and the julep is in hock.

—GRANTLAND RICE  
(The Boston Globe)

## A CANNIBAL YARN

By WILLIAM VAN WYCK

Pickeybawgee was a cannibal lad,  
In love with sweet Hookeyboohoo;  
And he loved this cannibal lass;  
But he'd come to a turrible, turrible pass,  
And didn't know what to do.  
He sat intent on courting bent  
And sang in a mournful cry:  
"O Hookey, sweet Hookey, dear Hookeyboohoo,  
In turrible plight are I"—  
(All this twixt a wail and a sigh)  
"O Hookeyboohoo I do love you  
As steak, ragout, or as savory stew.  
What a treat you'd be as pie, believe me,  
Or out of sight as a fricassee.  
So what shall I do, dear Hookeyboohoo?  
How you'd taste my soul served a la Creole.  
Dear Hook you're my meat served sour or sweet.  
And I'd need no bib over your spare-rib.  
So what shall I do Miss Hookeyboohoo?"

Now the cannibal maid was a merry jade,  
With a sense of humor too.  
And with gleaming eye right back she'd reply,  
This cute little Hookeyboohoo:  
"My Pickeybawgee you're the man for me—  
With mayonnaise you'd be all the craze,  
Or with onions and sage just all the rage.  
Go out my knight and get parboiled quite  
And I'll fix you up 'til you taste all right.  
Why you'd just be grand with pepper and Salt—so dear Baw go, and get kilt you know  
And I'll treat my friends to your bones. Ho! Ho!  
But Pickeybawgee, why already he  
Had fled. That's the end of this yarn you see,  
This turrible, cannibal rhapsody.

## Miller's Theatre

Junction Spring and Main at 9th

Now showing—The second big Fox Standard production "The Spy" by George Bronson Howard, featuring America's favorite actor, **Dustin Farnum**  
Shows at 11:30 a.m., 2, 4:30, 7 and 9:15 p.m.

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MONDAY, SEPT. 17

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Eugene Walter's 4-Act Breathless Melodrama

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More Thrilling Than Sherlock Holmes

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Popular Mat. Wed., \$1.00

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# WHAT A TRUST COMPANY CAN DO

By ALLAN HERRICK

ONE OF the best ways to find out what a Trust Company can do for you is to be drafted into the national service and called to leave your home and business affairs on a few days' notice. The Trust Companies are proving to be friends indeed to the soldiers who are in this predicament.

In the first place the Trust Company can undertake the actual conduct of your business while you are away. It has men on its staff who are familiar with the tools of modern business. Men who know business administration, business methods, advertising, merchandising, accounting, business jurisprudence and all the many other subjects necessary for conducting modern business. If necessary the Trust Company will actually step into your business shoes while you are away and take positive control of your affairs, in accordance with your wishes as you have stated them.

Again, the Trust Company will assume any specific undertaking connected with your business affairs. It will manage a business property, an apartment for instance, and be responsible for its entire welfare as well as the income from it. One of the best things about the service of the Trust Company is its wide range. You can delegate almost any task to it and any part of a task. You may wish to give over to a trust company the entire management of a business property. Very well, they will undertake it. You may wish to keep direct control of property yourself and ask the Trust Company

only to make your repairs, pay taxes, and collect rents. All well and good, they will do only these things. Perhaps you wish them to collect income. Then they will do that—and nothing else.

In most of these relations with the Trust Company there is no obligation upon you to continue the relationship. It is an entirely voluntary arrangement. If you choose to relieve the Trust Company of its duties you can ordinarily do so. They are bound to perform their side of the contract however to the best of their ability.

The Trust Company is a servant whom you can all call upon at any time, whose corporate organization gives it power to undertake almost any business task, and whose integrity and ability are unquestioned.

The spirit in which the Trust Company services are offered is the spirit of the fiduciary agent, not the spirit of the plunger or gambler. You may be sure that a Trust Company will not take any chances with your interests. It will proceed along well known, definite lines, proved by past experience to be sure. The service is standard—dependable. The care which it exercises over your property is but a parallel with the good care it exercises over the property of persons who have passed on and left the bank to act as their Administrator.

In the western states the duties of Executor and Administrator are perhaps the most important that the Trust Companies perform. And it can be said

for this service that it can do more to smooth away the burden of the widow and the fatherless than almost any human agency. There is not one woman in ten thousand who, upon her husband's death, knows what business steps she ought to take. She does not know that she ought not to pay the bills against an estate indiscriminately. She does not know how she can draw money from her husband's bank account if she needs it, and unless he has made proper arrangements, she cannot draw it at all. More than that she has a constant dread that there is something which she ought to do or have done, that she knows nothing of—and that loss may occur through her failure. And her fears on this ground are sometimes well justified.

The Trust Company relieves the widow of this care and worry. After her husband's death she is usually asked to call at the offices of the company. Here her husband's will is on file. The Trust Company is his agent, knowing his wishes, knowing his plans, and experienced and capable.

The widow goes away from the reading of her husband's will with tears in her eyes perhaps, but joy in her heart. Here is experience, ability, strength, power, knowledge, sympathy—on her side. A powerful Trust Company stands beside her, sure of its ground, confident in its strength and ready to take all responsibility. She may ask any question she likes,—she may ask for money and get it,—she may take any business

problems here for solution. As Executor and Administrator, the Trust Company is the agent that the widow soon learns to appreciate. The high character of service it offers her at a cost no greater than where the husband leaves no will at all, and makes no preparation for her protection,—is responsible for the tremendous growth of the Trust Companies in strength and power in the esteem of their patrons.

In answer to the question "What does the Trust Company do?" we may say it does anything and everything that an individual might legally do, that anyone chooses to delegate to it. It will buy diamonds for you in South Africa. It will pay your daughter an allowance while she is in college. It will invest your money for you and pay you the income as you direct. It will act as your agent upon your death and strive to do for your wife and heirs all that it can to protect them.

The Trust Company is a modern institution made for modern folk, and the use of its services by them is evidence of the fact that they are alive to its value and its power to preserve and protect and perform and conserve whatever is entrusted to it.

## THE TORRENS SYSTEM

Strenuous efforts are being made to popularize land registration acts, known as Torrens acts, embodying a system which, though nominally in force in

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several of our states has been little used in this country. Decision of the courts of last resort, (according to a writer in "Trust Companies") in the various states where the Torrens law has been used, have strongly intimated and expressly held that the registrar's certificate of title is not final. As the finality of the registrar's certificate is the foundation of the Torrens system it will not be safe for anyone purchasing or loaning money upon real property to rely upon the registrar's certificate until it is firmly established by the court that it is conclusive evidence of an indefeasible title.

Wherever Torrens laws are in force, banks and other financial institutions will no doubt be requested to make loans on real property where the title is evidenced by Torrens certificates. Now, banks, as trustees of the money of the depositors, are both legally and morally accountable for its investments. They must exercise the highest degree of care and the utmost good faith in investing such money, and until it has been firmly established that the numerous provisions of the Torrens law are sound and valid the court holds that the purchaser or the mortgagee need not look further than the registrar's certificate, banks should exercise caution in investing the money of their depositors upon the faith of Torrens certificates, unless they are accompanied by an additional guarantee that the title is actually as the certificate represents.

No doubt the conservative financial institutions, who will demand this additional assurance of title, will receive much criticism from the proponents of the Torrens law, however, this criticism should not influence anyone to make loans upon real property under the Torrens system, while there remains a doubt either as to the validity of the Torrens act or the finality of the Torrens certificate. Neither should investors be influenced by the fact that Torrens certificates are accepted in some foreign countries in making loans. There are vast and fundamental differences between the Torrens laws in force in the British colonies and in the United States—difference which cannot be overcome without overturning some of our cherished ideas of liberty and government.

## THE LABOR PROBLEM

E. P. Ripley, president of the Santa Fe system, says Samuel Gompers, president of the American Federation of Labor, is running the country. The assertion was made in a talk on the labor question. Mr. Ripley said:

"It would be folly to talk of new work of improvements involving purchases of steel and use of labor. We cannot get steel and we cannot get labor. The Santa Fe system is short 6,000 laborers.

"The fool alien law is largely responsible for this condition. This law should be amended, or at least suspended until the labor situation is improved. We could get all the Mexican labor we want but for this law.

"The best thing that could happen to the West right now would be to allow 200,000 or 300,000 Chinese laborers to come in. The people who employ help in California would like to see this done, but the labor unions oppose it, and for no good reason, because such labor does not compete with the skilled trades.

"But Gompers is boss. He is running the country today.

"One trouble with the coal situation is that labor limits the production. We are constructing about 175 miles of new lines in Texas and Kansas, but labor prevents much more work that we could do at this time. Our net earnings for July will be a little ahead of July last year."

## ATCHISON TO CHANGE

Stockholders of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railway Company are in receipt of a notice from President E. P. Ripley stating that at the annual meeting on Oct. 25, they will be asked to change the fiscal year from June 30 to Dec. 31, this being done to conform with a ruling of the Interstate Commerce Commission. The annual meetings in the future will be held in April instead of October and, in view of this change, it is proposed that the four successors of the four classes of directors now in office shall be elected at the annual meeting in April for the next four years.

Under the direction of the Atchison company, three new railways have been incorporated, with purpose in view of developing promising territory and serving as feeders for the main lines.

The new roads are: The Barton County and Santa Fe Railway Company, thirty-two miles, at an estimated cost of \$750,000; Osage County and Santa Fe Railway Company, sixty-two miles, at an estimated cost of \$2,525,000, and the North Texas and Santa Fe Railway Company, eighty-two miles, at an estimated cost of \$2,200,000.

## GREATNESS AT HOME

(Continued from page 16)

the word. It was so full of homely truth.

"Mr. Sun—" I gasped, interrupting him. I wanted to tell him how thrilled I was, but the words wouldn't come.

"Will you—" he began again. And again I interrupted.

"Billy," I said.

"Hell fire!" he shouted.

How true, I thought. Coarse, you know, but true.

"I want to thank you," I finally got out.

"Why the Sam Hill do you want to thank me?" he yelled.

His modesty appalled me. Why did I want to thank him, he whose influence had meant so much to me! Yet his question was characteristic, it showed the luminous simplicity of the man.

"You've done so much for me," I said. "You came into my life and—"

He shot an accusing finger at me. "I never saw you before, you poor frost bite."

"I know you've never seen me," I explained. "But I've seen you, though I've never been close enough to get a good look at you before. I've listened to you speak and I've said to myself I must meet Billy Sunday and—"

"I'm not Billy Sunday," he said wearily.

I collapsed. "Aren't you?" I whispered.

"Cern'ly not. My name's Ethelbert Simpson. Billy Sunday lives in the next block. I wish you'd quit standin' here gawkin' at my house; you've already scared the cat into fits!"



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Surplus and Profits  
\$140,300.00

Second Floor Hibernian Building  
Spring and Fourth

GEORGE CHAFFEY, President

GEORGE A. J. HOWARD, Cashier

### First National Bank

Capital, \$1,500,000.00  
Surplus and Profits,  
\$2,733,607.40  
Deposits, \$29,452,020.38

S. W. Cor. Seventh and Spring

STODDARD JESS, President

W. T. S. HAMMOND, Cashier

### Farmers & Merchants Nat. Bank

Capital, \$1,500,000  
Surplus and Profits, \$2,000,000

Cor. Fourth and Main

I. W. HELLMAN, President

V. H. ROSSETTI, Cashier



# KENNEL COMMENT

By R. C. HALSTED

**A**S TO the petition for a change of coast ratings, we, ourselves, alone, and without prejudice, are in favor of allowing the system of scoring winners points, put in effect, July first, by the American Kennel Club, to remain exactly as it is for a period of twelve months. Then, after a fair trial, the injustice or justice of the present system would have been proven in this territory, and the parent body, at 1 Liberty street, would feel that we were



CH. BELLMORE BUFFKINS

(A. K. C. 220378) Owned by Mrs. F. M. Connor,  
of Pasadena

making a request from a standpoint of understanding. The petition requesting New York to go back over coast-shows for five years, tabulating the number of dogs shown in each breed, and establishing therefrom a separate scale of winners' points, was given birth at Long Beach. This Bay Side show was the first, and thus far, the only Western event held under the new rating scheme. It scarcely seems just or advisable to discard it without a trial. An example or two of what would follow if A. K. C. did heed this petition is as follows: For the past five years we have had a considerable entry in the South, of pug-dogs, which would bring that average up; but now they are gone, moved to another state, and are no more. On the other hand Long Beach brought out a creditable showing of schipperkes, of which we have previously seen none, at least in Southern California. Quite likely the skippers will remain with us; but they would not get a square deal under the ancient history stuff. One time, within five years past, we met up with more Italian greyhounds than there are white rats. There wasn't benching enough to hold 'em. Now they are gone, but figures don't lie, and the merry little average would be working over-time on Mrs. Brember's "Handsome Dan's Little Modle", "Maggie Wheeler", "Ch. Cupid II", Etc., Etc., by the twenties and thirties, until the cows come home.

At Golden Gate they draw from thirty to forty fox terriers, while at Los Angeles, Pasadena, and Bay Side, we are lucky to find from ten to fifteen. The reverse is the case with Bostons, and of late years even Cocker; so in petitioning for a separate schedule for the coast we should be careful lest we get a deal of our own making that would be unfair. The average number of entries in the various breeds north and south of Tehachapi is greatly divergent. We should proceed with caution. Any first class 'bo' will advise us that, the greater the variety in the melting pot, the better the mulligan; and that is exactly what A. K. C. has done in making up the new ratings for champion points.

**A**T LONG BEACH there were an unusually large number of late arrivals, but in the majority of the cases the superintendent had no other alternative than to excuse the tardiness, and bench the dogs. In this section many one-dog exhibitors, who can carry their entries on their laps, and thereby comply with the rules of the transportation company, take advantage of Pacific Electric service in going to the shows. It so happened that there was a two-bit excursion to Long Beach on the opening day of the show, and the thrifty thousands that went to play in the sands that Thursday made the P. E. groan—with joy. Some of our dog people, who have heretofore never been late, stood in line at the Los Angeles station for over an hour before being allowed, cattle-like, to make the chute. Others waited until their patience gave out, and then hunted up a cracker-box in which Fido was shipped to the show building. Still others hired motors in an effort to be on time; so it was made evident to the management that good faith had been displayed by those who, through economy or other equally praiseworthy reasons, sought to use the service of the electrics. In circumstances such as this, we feel that it is the

duty of the show officials to use good judgment, and be not too severe. However, there are other instances wherein the rules should be rigidly enforced. Dogs shipped or expressed to a show should be forwarded in ample time to reach the show building before the hour fixed in the premium list. This action on the part of the exhibitor demonstrates his good will toward the show, giving the club his cooperation with the somewhat arduous labors of the superintendent and his assistants. Likewise the motor-going exhibitor should know how much time it requires to make the run; and to this he should add at least minutes enough to change a tire. A little more effort on the part of a few exhibitors to get there on time would make things much easier for the "hired help", and would keep the early bird's mind away from protests and things like that. We understand that on the other side there is a prevailing custom of long standing as regards absentees. If an entry is to be absent, the superintendent of the show is notified in advance, and this information being imparted to the ring steward, saves much time in getting classes before the judge. So far, at our Western shows, we do not recall a single instance of this helpful knowledge coming in advance of the actual moment of judging. It is a splendid custom, and increases the efficiency of a ring steward lots. We hope said custom arrives on the coast.

**M**R. Charles G. Hopton, of New York City, has been chosen by the Los Angeles Kennel Club as judge of all breeds for their initial show November 15, 16 and 17. Mr. Hopton's enviable reputation as an allrounder, both here and abroad, has been sustained by competent judging for many years. He will be greeted by many friends when he enters the ring in November.

**I**F YOU haven't met Claire Hosler Coombs there is a treat still in store for you. She loves people, and she loves animals. Often she loves the latter most, but it wouldn't be possible for her to love people who do not love animals. Claire Coombs is the secretary of the American Red Star in Los Angeles. We have had adjoining offices for some weeks past, and the association has been most pleasant and enjoyable. One day we asked her to write us up—us humans and us dogs. This is what she said:

**"I** LOVE men, dogs, and horses,—most cats, and some women. I know women, being one, and they interest me; but I think I love them as ideals rather than as individuals. Cats are marvelous creatures, both tame and wild. Some of us are cat-women, and are proud to acknowledge it—I am—



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not cats as many term us, but in that we have the feline instincts. For instance: I love where I will. I cannot be forced to like any one. I like the cream of life, and I like the breast of the chicken. I like to lie on the silken cushion in front of the fire and dream. I go about with my claws sheathed, so long as I do not need to use them; and frequently I have wished I could purr; but like my prototype, I can get out on the back fence and fight for what I want as well as any one. So much for women and cats.

"Dogs, horses, and men are much alike. First you must trust them, or make them think you do; and you must never show any fear of them. Feed them well—they love the hand that feeds them—love them discreetly, attend to their comfort, and give them the idea they are having their own way and you have solved the secret of living with them. Now there are many men whom I know that might be likened unto dogs—with apologies to the four-legged friends. Remember I do not pretend to know men. I just like them. I like dogs, and I see the resemblance.

"There is one man, a great big shaggy St. Bernard. He is not tawny in coloring but he is a comfy sort of person, dependable, willing to go out of his way for his friends, and with a sleepy sort of disposition most of the time, and a habit of lying in the sun with his paws stretched out—metaphorically. An amiable man whom one likes to number among ones acquaintances. Then there is a bull dog I know. He goes about with his ingrowing face and mind; has the pertinacity, the appearance of brute force, the ugly body, and the beautiful loveable nature hidden under it all, that only those who really know him can appreciate. And speaking of bulls; the pit bull man lives near. Just as ready to fight; at law over something most of the time; just as tenacious; never gives up an opinion even when he knows he is wrong; rarely kind to any one, except maybe his wife; and even in his home is domineering, overbearing, blustering—and forces every one to regard his ideas first. But I do know a thoroughbred fox-terrier. Fine, clean, intelligent, bright, and quick; generally in some sort of mischief that keeps his loved one worried. But all of us love him when we realize that it is his energy, his nature to be ever on the alert, that is responsible for most of his pranks.

"And there is a mongrel fox-terrier that I do not like. A snarly little beast with no manners, no ideas of decency, no possible manliness of spirit. Frequently he backs up into a corner and grins his gargoyle sort of smile that irritates one, and but shows his nature; and all the while he tries to impress you with his great importance.

"Oh, there is one I almost forgot; he is a Bull-terrier. Well-groomed, absolutely dependable when given the right sort of treatment, trim as a well-built yacht with the same sort of clean-cut beauty. I like him. But he is a one master sort, and "The One" is the only person in the world for him, as it should be. The "houn-dawg" man is rare, but we have a few. Not very much good to any person, not thoroughbred in anything, yet I presume this particular one has a right to live—"even as you and I". There's an amiable useless sort of dachshund too; always in the way, always sort of

hanging around where he is not wanted, and shortlegged and funny, just like his namesake. No particular vice nor virtue, but I do not like his style. The toy poodles make me nervous. This one has a mind that is miniature, his clothes are too utterly utter, his voice is so sweet that it cloy; and I sometimes wish the big mastiff would chew him up. He looks as if he wants to do so, only he is too well bred. I do like that mastiff. He is such a good watchdog—he needs to be. He is loyal and faithful; and under his great quiet exterior there is a volcano of suppressed feeling that only shows in his eyes;—for you see he has been taught self-control, and is different from most of his breed.

"Talking of big dogs—there is a Great Dane that I like. Just as ungainly in some ways; blunders about, knocking things down like a real Great Dane I once knew that used to whip things around with his tail, then look so surprised when he realized the damage he had done. Some of this breed are fierce and difficult; but many are lovable in disposition; only they are sort of an acquired taste.

"I do dislike Pomeranians. Especially when they think they are "it". "It" is the only word for their kind. No matter if they be brown or black, they strut, they preen, and they are so miserably detestable in stature, and mentality, that I wish there were none of them. This particular Pom doesn't know he is one—thinks he is an Airdale, maybe. Oh, the Airedales there are in the world. And how few of them thoroughbred. Good house dogs, good watch dogs, intelligent, faithful, loyal; not handsome, not popular with many women; but once known and loved, they are so fine.

"Do you know a Scottish Terrier? I do. Just as fussy, and a frowsy, hairy sort of person, with little aim or real plan in life. But someone likes him. It's good someone does. There are not many Wolfhounds, among men. Wolfhounds are wonderful creatures—strong, graceful, so lovable and affectionate. Some way I am glad there are not many of them. Occasionally there is a poet or an artist who might be classed among them—providing he has the mental poise and physical strength that is necessary. I do not happen to know one.

"I do know one man, tho'; he is a plain man, like a well loved home pet that is plain dog. But he is faithful and true; and he is gentle and honest. Because he has neither birth nor breeding, many pass him by. His wife does. Some day when it is too late she will realize her error; but just now she is completely infatuated with a nasty mongrel cur, that snaps at everything, and every body, and never does anything that is worth while.

"There are many other breeds, and men to fit them, but I mention only those I know, and can recall easily. There are Cocker Spaniels and Spitz, quite spitzzy too; a few, very few Malimutes. There are Boston terriers—O, so many of them;—dancing, laughing, talking sort; very up-to-date, very swagger; some quite faithful; but mostly lap dogs. You know some, so do I, but they are not worth talking about, the men, I mean.

"Collies? Occasionally one meets with a real collie among the general run; but mostly they are mongrels in disposition, manners, points, and all. Why worry about them either?

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## THE WEEK IN SOCIETY

(Continued from page 24)

**RUMOR** of a most interesting engagement has drifted down to Los Angeles from the North, and if credence may be given to this bit of news which has not yet been formally acknowledged, then The Bachelors of Los Angeles are on the verge of losing another of their popular members through his capitulation to Master Dan Cupid. Although Weston Wilson, the talented son of Mr. and Mrs. John K. Wilson, of Los Angeles, has been making his home in San Francisco during the past year, having entered business there for himself, yet he is loyal to his native city. For this reason and because of the fact that Mr. Wilson has heretofore been regarded as one of the most steadfast of The Bachelors' members, rumors of his engagement to Miss Betty Darsie, one of Palo Alto's most attractive daughters, comes as a particular interest. Miss Darsie is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Darsie, and she is extremely popular with the younger set of the northern city. The romance is said to date back several months, following Mr. Wilson's removal to San Francisco to enter business, and the resuming of his college friendship with the brother of Miss Darsie. Mr. Wilson is a graduate of Stanford University where he participated prominently in the literary work as well as in the athletic activities. He was co-author of the Junior opera, during his junior year and, among other college laurels, was elected yell leader of his class for two years. Several popular songs are also accredited to this talented and versatile young man, with whom music is more than a hobby. *Lotus Land*, one of his earlier compositions, and *There's a Lonely Little Girl in Honolulu* caught the public fancy from coast to coast. Then, as if to throw down the gauntlet to the little love god, Mr. Wilson wrote *I'm Going to Be Neutral and Love Them All*. Perhaps this last of his songs to be published, deluded the Bachelors into believing that Mr. Wilson was still staunchly enlisted in their forces, but a few of his most intimate friends suspected differently and disquieting rumors that these latter suspicions will soon be confirmed by a formal announcement are being acknowledged by several of The Bachelors' membership. Mr. Wilson is a nephew of Governor Stephens, who is his mother's only brother.

An engagement announcement of interest to Southern Californians is that of Miss Engelina Sue Ward, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Ward, of Berkeley to Mr. Charles A. Rogers, son of Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Rogers, of Los Angeles. The engagement culminates a college friendship begun when the two were students at the University of California. Mr. Rogers is one of the best known of California's young tennis stars, having cornered a splendid list of honors on the asphalt, both while a student at the Los Angeles high school and in the University of California, where he played with Maurice McLaughlin many times against Stanford and other colleges. He is a member of the *Phi Kappa Sigma* fraternity, the Golden Bear and the Winged Helmet, and won his Big C early in his college career. Mrs. Irving Augur, of Los Angeles, is the sister of

Mr. Rogers, and a brother, Mr. Harry Rogers is also popularly known in Los Angeles.

Professor and Mrs. G. A. Thompson, who have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Van Patten, of Los Angeles, have returned to their home in Maine. Professor Thompson is head of the English department in the University of Maine.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene O. McLaughlin and their two daughters, Miss Cecile and Miss Hortense McLaughlin, are among those who are particularly fond of Coronado and are frequent visitors there. They motored down last weekend for a visit, and with them was their brother, Mr. Edward McLaughlin.

Dr. and Mrs. Ernest A. Bryant are planning to move into their new home on West Adams Heights, in Los Angeles, the latter part of this month.

What promises to be one of the largest social events of the season is the military ball to be held under the auspices of the Redondo Beach branch of the Los Angeles Chapter, American Red Cross in the Redondo Beach auditorium next Friday evening. The executive body of this organization will be assisted by the Avery McCarthys, the Robert Fricks, Robert A. Rowans, who maintain a summer home in Redondo Beach; Mr. and Mrs. Robert Flint, who are house guests of the Rowans; and Mrs. Margaret Frick, president of the Women's Club of Redondo Beach. Joining hands with the Redondo Branch will be many prominent members of the Los Angeles chapter. A dozen or so dinner parties will be given preceding the dancing in the summer colony. Mr. and Mrs. E. Avery McCarthy will entertain at dinner at their home on the Esplanade, complimenting Lieutenant Commander and Mrs. Eugene Overton and seven staff officers and their wives from the naval reserve station at San Pedro. Other dinner hosts will be Mr. and Mrs. Robert A. Rowan, who will entertain many officers and their wives while Mr. and Mrs. Robert Frick, of Pasadena and Redondo Beach, will throw open their home on the Esplanade for a dozen or so visiting officers and their wives. The list of patrons and patronesses guarantees that this will be one of the most brilliant affairs of this kind thus far given in Southern California. Among the list are Mr. and Mrs. Hancock Banning, Mr. and Mrs. John P. Jones, Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Garland, Mr. and Mrs. R. I. Rogers, Mr. and Mrs. George Denis, Mrs. Samuel B. Thomas, Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Connell, Mr. and Mrs. William A. Clark, Jr.; Mr. and Mrs. Russel Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin T. Earl, Mr. and Mrs. Henry C. Lee, Misses Alice Elliott and Louise Burke of Los Angeles; Mr. and Mrs. Robert Flint, Mr. and Mrs. Rufus Spaulding, Ensign and Mrs. Hugo Johnson and Mr. and Mrs. William Breckenridge of Pasadena; Ensign and Mrs. Volney E. Howard, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas R. Lee, Mr. and Mrs. Murray Vosburg, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel N. Haskins and Mr. and Mrs. Leigh Garnsey of Hermosa Beach. In addition to the Red Cross executive board consisting of Ernest C. Heath, Mrs. P. C. Ridgley, Mrs. D. L. Cohen, Mrs. R. C.

Ingalls, Mrs. J. E. Sergeant and Mrs. F. L. Perry, the following will represent Redondo Beach: Mr. and Mrs. P. H. Heath, Mr. and Mrs. W. M. McKnight, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Duffy and Mr. and Mrs. P. S. Venable.



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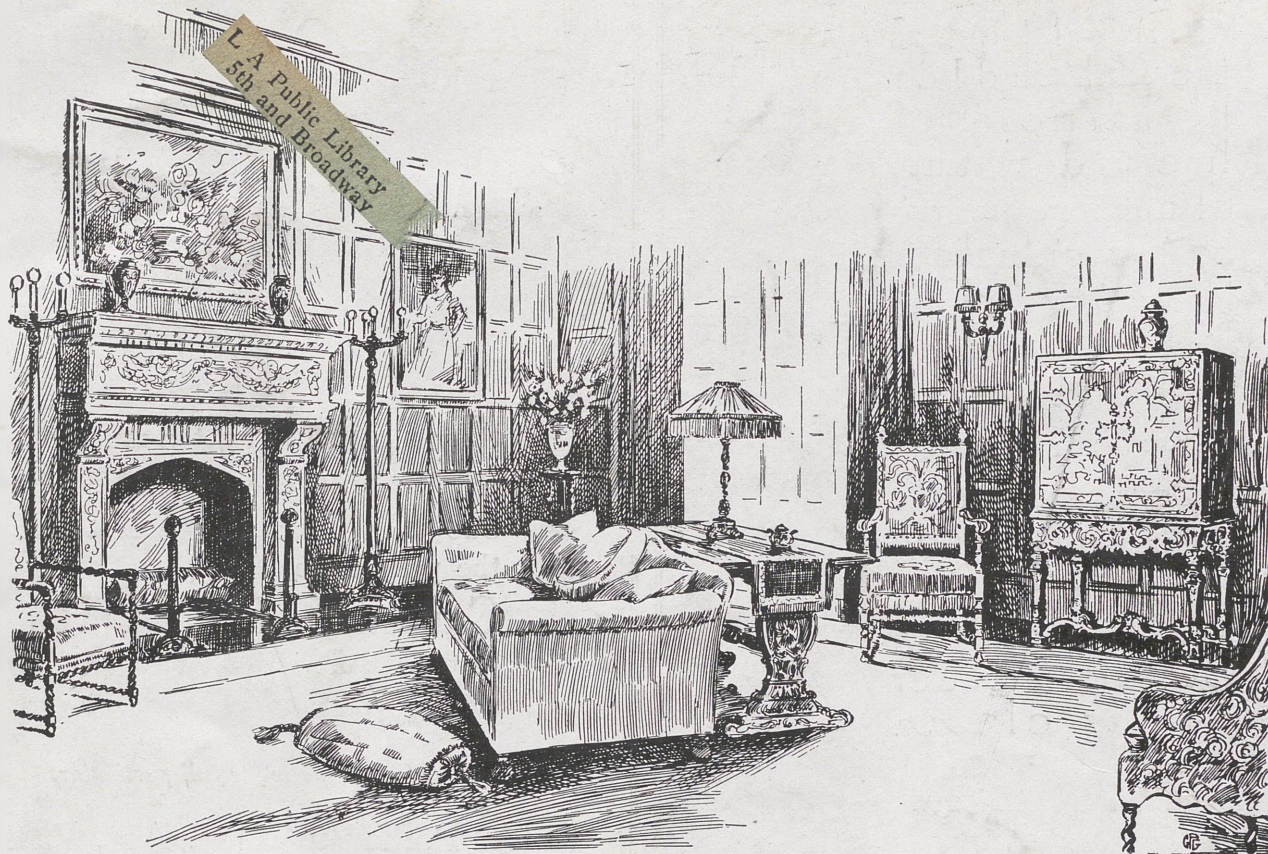
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